THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 3,068
AND STILL A BOOMING! MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1880. NUMBER 31.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates :

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.00
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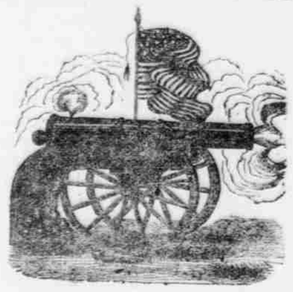
JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



And Still Another Big Boom!

THIS TIME, HOWEVER,

THE BOOM INCLINES DOWNWARD

INSTEAD OF UPWARD!

Special LOW PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES!

No use talking about it, we have the goods and must get rid of them, even though we should lose money in the operation. That means that we have an overstock of

Ladies' Fine Shoes and Gaiters,
Men's Heavy Shoes,
AND MISSES', YOUTHS', CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' SHOES,

all styles, sizes and qualities, and that we must close out the entire assortment before the our new stock arrives, which will be about the 1st of September. Hence we have determined for the NEXT FORTY DAYS to offer

Shoes at Greatly Reduced Prices!

Our prices now are acknowledged to be much lower than anywhere else, so that the special prices we offer to buyers at this time affords everybody a chance to get

BETTER BARGAINS IN SHOES

than ever before dreamed of in their philosophy. It will pay you, then, to buy your shoes now, even if you do not wear them for the next six months, as it is a fact of which all should be aware that boots and shoes will be higher next winter than they are now; therefore our loss will be your gain. The only purpose we have in reducing prices beyond all precedent is to

MAKE ROOM FOR OUR NEW STOCK,

which has already been ordered. So if you are open for a bargain now is the time and our store the place to get more and better goods for your money than will probably ever again have a chance to enjoy. We also have some bargains in

DRY GOODS, REMNANTS OF CALICO,
SHORT PIECES OF DRESS GOODS,

&c., &c., which we must and will sell regardless of what they cost us. In addition to all these extraordinary bargains and many more in other departments, we have the largest, most select and certainly the finest and best assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing!

in Ebensburg, and are prepared at all times to furnish either full or partial suits of wearing apparel for men or boys at lower prices than goods of like quality can be purchased at any other establishment. More than that, we have special bargains in seasonable clothing just now for everybody who wants to dress well at a very small outlay.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND LEARN OUR PRICES!

AND YOU WILL FIND THAT WE MEAN EXACTLY WHAT WE SAY.

V. S. Barker & Brother,
EBENSBURG, PA.

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW SUMMER GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, anuel Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional warehouse, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest price in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!

THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York. | $5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [13-5,79-1y.*]

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

BY virtue of a *pluries* order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the COURT HOUSE IN EBENSBURG, on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880,

Commencing at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

No. 1.—The interest of Wm. Kittell, dec'd, formerly of Uriah Lloyd, of, in and to a TRACT OF TIMBER LAND situate in Susquehanna township, in said county, bounded by lands of John W. Lamer, Uriah Lloyd, Isaac Westover, Jonas Baum, Thos. Foster, and John R. Baum, containing NINETY-THREE (93) ACRES, more or less.

No. 2.—A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Cambria township, about one-half mile from Ebensburg, bounded by the Clay Pike and lands of Edward Owens and John Kirschner, containing TEN (10) ACRES and SIXTY-THREE (63) PERCHES, all cleared and under fence.

No. 3.—A PIECE OR PARCEL OF UNIMPROVED LAND situate in Cambria township, bounded by the Benlah road, lands of Joseph Wilman, heirs of James and George Mills, and others, containing SIXTY-TWO (62) ACRES and EIGHTY-THREE (83) PERCHES.

No. 4.—A PIECE OR LOT OF GROUND situate in the West ward of Ebensburg boro', bounded by the Turnpike, Lloyd street and West street, containing about ONE (1) ACRE, unfenced.

No. 5.—A HALF LOT OF GROUND situate in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, bounded on the north by lot of Mrs. Sarah Davis, on the east by lot of J. & H. A. Shoemaker, on the south by Lloyd street, and on the west by an alley.

No. 6.—The undivided one-half interest of, in and to a PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Blacklick township, known as the "John Gillan Farm," bounded on the north by lands of Peter Wagner and Robert Ferguson, on the east by land of Isaac Wissinger, on the south by land of A. W. Rowland and David D. Davis, containing ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE (123) ACRES, more or less, about SEVENTY ACRES of which are cleared and under fence, having thereon erected a good two story *Stone Dwelling House, a Frame Barn* and all necessary outbuildings. There is also a good Orchard on the premises and a Coal Bank open, the land being underlaid by a four-foot vein of excellent coal. [The other half interest in this farm, owned by R. L. Hamilton, Esq., will be offered for sale at the same time and upon the same terms, so that the purchaser can buy the farm entire if he wishes.]

No. 7.—A PIECE OR LOT OF IMPROVED LAND situate in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, bounded on the north by land of F. A. Shoemaker, on the east by West street, on the south by High street, lands of Hartman Berg, and land of heirs of Stephen Lloyd, dec'd, containing SEVEN AND ONE-HALF (7½) ACRES, more or less, having thereon erected a large two story *Frame Dwelling House*, and having a good Orchard on the premises. This piece will be sold in two portions—the house and about two and one-fourth acres in one part, and the remainder, about five and one-fourth acres, in the other part—or in one entire piece, as purchasers may desire.

No. 8.—A SQUARE OF GROUND situate in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, bounded on the north by Lloyd street, on the east by Spruce alley, on the south by Ogle street, and on the west by West street, containing ONE AND SEVEN-EIGHTH (1⅞) ACRES, having thereon erected a substantial two story *Frame Dwelling House*, a *Frame Stable*, and all necessary outbuildings. There is also an excellent Orchard on this lot.

No. 9.—A HALF LOT OF GROUND in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, situated on the north-west corner of High and Julian streets, having thereon erected a large two story *Frame Dwelling House*, with a *Frame Kitchen* attached, and a *Frame Stable*, all in good repair. This is one of the most desirable properties in Ebensburg.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

MARGARET KITTELL,
Administratrix of Wm. Kittell, dec'd.

P. S. There will also be offered for sale, at the same time and place, a number of LAW BOOKS, comprising State Reports, Wharton's Digest, Library of Law and Equity, American Leading Cases, &c. Terms will be made known at time of sale, when a reasonable credit will be given.

Ebensburg, Aug. 13, 1880.-3t.

LIST OF CAUSES set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on *Monday, September 6, 1880:*

	THREE WEEKS.
Fox's use	vs. Yost.
Roberts & Son	vs. Seymore.
	SEVEN WEEKS.
Patterson	vs. Patterson.
Cooper	vs. Craver.
Brendlinger	vs. Dunmire et al.
Noble	vs. Wendell.
Miller	vs. P. M. & J. Brown.
Same	vs. Same.
Bradley's executrix	vs. Sheehan.
Somerville	vs. Hipe & Lloyd.
White	vs. Martin et al.
Flattery	vs. Flattery.
Flattery	vs. Hulme.
Johnst'n Savings Bank	vs. Wentroth.
Rex	vs. Rager.
Kearney	vs. Lemon.
Hall et al.	vs. Smith et al.
Nell	vs. C. T. W. A. Ins. Com.
Ingman	vs. Pa. Rail Road Co.
Miller	vs. Gwinn et al.
Same	vs. Gwinn et al.
Fry's Administrator	vs. Clark.
Laughein et al.	vs. Boyard & Co.
Krise et al.	vs. Burk et al.
Bishop	vs. Schinckle.
Byers & Stevenson	vs. Ardry et al.
Parke	vs. M. E. Church.
McCreery et ux.	vs. Boyer.
Akerman	vs. Sweitzler.
Same	vs. Same.
Totten	vs. Sutton.
Beate	vs. Zimmerman.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 9, 1880.-4t.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
INDIANA, PA.

Building, the best of the kind in the United States.
Accommodations for **400** boarders.
School, first-class in all respects.
Departments—Normal, Classical, Commercial, Musical.
The **Fall Term** of **15** weeks will open on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1880.

Expenses, as low as those of any other school affording equal advantages and accommodations.
For Catalogue, address
JOHN H. FRENCH, LL. D.,
July 30, 1880.-2m. PRINCIPAL.

FRUIT CANS!
FRUIT CANS!
I am now prepared to furnish all who want to buy with good,
FIRST CLASS FRUIT CANS,
—MADE OF THE—
VERY BEST QUALITY CHARCOAL TIN.
☞Don't be humbugged with cheap penitentiary-made cans when by paying a little more you can get good home-made cans worth double the money. Persons wishing the cheap cans, the same as are sold at other places for 60 cents per dozen, can get them from me for 50 cents per dozen.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 16, 1880.-3m.

CIDER MILLS.
I HAVE THE AGENCY FOR THE
Best Cider Mill
IN THE COUNTRY,
And any person wishing to purchase one this Fall will consult his own interests by calling at my store, examining samples on exhibition, and leaving his
ORDER EARLY IN THE SEASON,
So that there will be no delay in supplying all in due time with this no plus ultra Cider Mill.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Aug. 6, 1880.-3m.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between E. W. Mentzer and C. Leap, under the firm name of Mentzer & Leap, was dissolved by mutual consent August 1st, 1880. The books are in the hands of E. W. Mentzer, at Hollidaysburg. All persons having unsettled accounts will please send them in soon.
E. W. MENTZER.
C. LEAP.

☞The business of mining and shipping coal from the Ben's Creek Mines will be continued by E. W. Mentzer, who is thankful for past patronage and would repectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
E. W. MENTZER.
August 6, 1880.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of GEO. W. OATMAN, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Geo. W. Oatman, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
H. KINKEAD, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Aug. 20, 1880.-6t.

Blairsville (Pa.) LADIES' SEMINARY.
Beautiful grounds, commodious buildings, new and superior pianos for practice, and thorough instruction. Ten instructors. Terms moderate. Thirtieth year begins **September 8, 1880.** For Catalogues, apply to
July 30.-2m. Rev. T. H. EWING, Principal.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PLAN.

I like Jefferson's way of inauguration. It suits our system. He rode alone on horseback to the Capitol—I fear it was the "old Capitol"—tied his horse to a rail fence, entered and was duly sworn, then rode to the Executive Mansion and took possession.—*Gen. Hancock.*

I like the man whose modest mind
Seeks out the plain and true,
Who scans exalted lives to find
The surest guides. Do you?

I like his scorn of pomp and show,
Of noisy cry and lue,
That men of meaner worth may throw
Around their lives. Do you?

I like the man who keeps through all
His triumphs, great or few,
A kindly care for those who fall—
A helping hand. Do you?

I like his jealous watch and ward
Of rights to others due:
His constant care to hold and guard
His country's faith. Do you?

I like the man who will not draw
His sword, however true,
Except to vindicate the law:
Not to avenge. Do you?

I like his gallant deeds to scan,
His triumphs to review:
To see him leading on the van
To victory. Do you?

I like the man who only cares
His duties to pursue;
And hope that honor unwares
May crown his life. Do you?

I like the Jeffersonian plan,
And pray that Hancock wished,
Our coming President, 's the man
To make it win. Do you?

—*N. Y. Sun.* K. S.

A STRANGE STORY.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cabul disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful of British troops, left in charge of the wives, sisters and daughters of the actors in that unhappy expedition. And a weary, heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant-Governor, who had prayed and besought the Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure, had the worst forebodings for its fate; and although he did all an able, kindly and well-mannered man could do to maintain the spirits of the circle, those who knew him could read too well what his fears were. Words could not describe—indeed, it is too painful for me even now to recall—the dreary wretchedness of that fatal month, during which no tidings came of the devoted army. Evening after evening saw the roads crowded by anxious women, sitting there for hours that they might hear the first news of those who were dear to them, and evening after evening saw them return in despair. And when, at last, the news came that the sole survivor had staggered half alive, back to his countrymen with the tidings of the disaster, the wai that ascended from those heartbroken creatures I shall never, while I live, forget.

There had been a captain in one of the native regiments, an old acquaintance of mine, by the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly, as he was called by every one. He was careful to explain to all his friends that his name was Jeroline, and not Jeremiah, although why he so unduly preferred the saint to the prophet I never understood. Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as strange and eccentric a creature as ever breathed.

He was a very good looking fellow and a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking, half insane, mad-cap of a man, with an amazing flow of spirit, little education or culture, a great—almost miraculous—talent for language, with a soft heart and easy temper. It was impossible to make him angry; and in all circumstances, however unpleasant, he maintained a placid serenity which seemed to imply that he was on intimate terms with fortune, and knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks that the fickle goddess had played him was that she had married him. Why he married as he did no one could imagine. The lady was neither handsome, clever or rich. She was simply passable as to looks, with the liveliness of good health and youth—a quality not inapt to develop itself in vivacity of temper when those attributes disappear. But, on some impulse, Jerry Donnelly had asked her the momentous question, and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were. Jerry, from the first, had neglected her—not intentionally, I believe, but simply because for the moment he forgot her existence. It never seemed to him necessary to alter his former bachelor rounds in any respect; and, as the lady had no notion of being neglected, she resented his indifference and chalked out a line for herself. It may be easily supposed that the one was not averse to brandy and water, nor the other to gossip and flirtation. They never quarreled outwardly, but were hardly ever together.

So stood the domestic circle, if such it could be called, of Captain Donnelly, when he was ordered on General Elphistone's expedition. His wife would fain have remained in Calcutta, but as all the wives were going to Agra, for very shame she was obliged to go there too. On the first rumors of the disaster she was very indifferent, said she was very sure Jerry would turn up at the most convenient time, and if he was happy she was. When, however, the tidings were confirmed, and it was certain that Jerry had perished with his comrades a great change came over her. She shut herself up for months, saw no one and went no where. And when, at the end of nearly a year, she began once more to look upon the world, she was a grave, thoughtful, softened woman. She went up to Calcutta after that, and I never saw her until I came home on a furlough in 1847. She was then living in a pretty place in Somersetshire, and was known as Mrs. Courtney, of Branly Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very glad to see me, and she explained to me what I had not heard, that when she arrived at Calentta she found that poor Jerry, four months before he had left Agra, had succeeded to this place, Branly Hall, by the death of a distant relative. He had previously made a will leaving her all his worldly goods, then slender enough, so that in the end this fine estate had come to her and a new name with it. She asked me to come down and see her, which I did, and learned more of her history.

Sorrow and prosperity had greatly changed her for the better. Even her looks had improved, and she was a pleasant, thoughtful, agreeable woman. She had remained four years in Calcutta before she returned, but had at once assumed the name of Courtney, which was one of the conditions on which the bequest was made.

"You know, Colonel Hastings, I could not have lost the estate, for what would Jerry say when he comes back?"

I thought the woman's head must have been effected by her troubles, and said nothing.

"I see you think me deranged, but I knew he was alive all the time."

"Why, what could have induced you to think so?"

"I saw him, Colonel Hastings. It was in your old bungalow in Calcutta, about two years after I had gone back. Late in the evening I heard a strange footstep outside which greatly effected me. I was lying half asleep, and, starting up in a drowsy state, I heard a voice at the veranda, and, as I tho't, inquiring of my stupid old servant whether I lived there. The steps then turned away. I started to the casement, and although the figure was clad in the most extraordinary compound of European and Asiatic garments, I am sure it was Jerry. I darted down-stairs and rushed out, but the man had disappeared. The servant said he was a bad fakir and wished to get into the bungalow, but could tell me nothing of what he had said. But I am quite sure it was Jerry. So I think he will come back; but you remember he never was punctual," she added with a faint smile.

I did not say that if Jerry was alive she must have heard of him in some other way, but I took leave of her and shortly afterward returned to India.

In 1854 I was appointed to an embassy to Nepaul, a very striking country, governed by a powerful, warlike race. The first minister or vizier of the country met us, as is their fashion, outside the capital, and we had a courteous and gratifying reception. He was a tall, handsome man, with a flowing black beard, and conversed with me in Persian, which I spoke fluently. After our interview, one of the attendants informed me that the vizier wished to see me alone, and he accordingly conducted me to an inner apartment. Ordering the attendants to withdraw, the vizier exclaimed in tones only too familiar to me:

"Well, Hastings, my boy, how goes on the Plungers?"

It was Jerry Donnelly, by all that was miraculous! I had observed him staring earnestly at me during the interview, and something in his gestures seemed not unfamiliar to me, but his flowing beard, solemn manner, and oriential dress so much disguised him, that even when I heard the well remembered voice I could scarcely realize his identity.

"But what on earth are you doing here, Jerry?" said I; "why don't you go home to your wife, like a Christian?"

"My wife—well, that's the whole affair. You see, she's somebody else's wife. I am better out of the way; it would be a pity that poor Sophy would commit bigamy."

"I assure you that you are entirely mistaken. Mrs. Donnelly has not married again?"

"Hasn't she, though?" said he. "Don't I know better? Didn't I go back to my own bungalow and find out that she had married that starched fool, Courtney, when she knew I could never endure him?"

To his intense astonishment, I told him how the truth was, and in return he told me his own adventures. He had been carried into Tartary and there detained for three years, when he was allowed to accompany a caravan or body of pilgrims to Nepaul. Being by that time a proficient in the language, he was taken notice of at court, but very strictly watched. He effected his escape, however, disguised as a fakir, and made his way to Calcutta, but finding as he thought, his wife married again to a man in his old regiment, he had returned, was taken into favor, and had risen to his present distinction.

"Well, I always was a blundering fool, but I went home with a heart so soft to Sophy, and vowing that I never would vex her any more with my vagaries, that when I heard her called Mrs. Courtney I was turned to stone and did not care a rap what became of me, even to being made a vizier, which I assure you, Charley, is no joke."

"Well, at all events, you must go home now and enjoy your good fortune."

"I am not sure about that," said he. "Recollect, she has grown accustomed to be mistress, I have grown accustomed to be vizier. She won't like to be contradicted, and it's a thing I can't bear and what I never allow on any account. Now, if I went home, she would not be mistress, and as sure as fate she would contradict me. Maybe it is better as it is."

The next morning he sent for me again.

"I have been thinking," said he, "of the strange story you told me, and am all changed since we parted. I hardly know myself to be the same man that I used to be, and am not sure that I would treat Sophy well. But ask her to come out here, and then she can try. If she likes me in this outlandish place I will go home with her; if we quarrel here no one will be the wiser, and I can continue to be dead."

"But," said I, "have you no incumbrance? Perhaps she might object to the details of your establishment."

"Not a bit," said Jerry; "I have none of your eastern prejudices; let her come and she will find no one to disturb her."

So she did come, and, after living in Nepaul two years, took Jerry back in triumph to Branley Hall; and such is the true version of a tale which made some noise in the newspapers a few years ago.

A ROMANTIC FACT.—In one of the incursions of Indians upon the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania during the Revolution a very romantic incident occurred.

The celebrated chief, Cornplanter made an attack upon the neighborhood of Fort Plain, burning and destroying, and among the prisoners he captured was one John Abell, an old inhabitant.

The party had traveled but a few miles on their return, when it was discovered that this Abell was almost as well acquainted with their language as the Indians themselves. The fact interested the chief, and on inquiring of his captive his name, Cornplanter knew at once that he stood before his own father.

Abell, twenty five years before had been a trader among the Indians of western New York, and on one of his visits became enamored of a pretty squiw, and the result of this affection was the great and celebrated warrior, whom the father now for the first time saw standing before him.

The chief had learned from his mother the history of his parentage, and his father's name. The meeting was certainly extraordinary to a degree. The young chief held out strong inducements to his white father to accompany him to his tribe, but paternal affection did not seem so strong in the heart of Abell as his love for the comforts and luxuries of a white man's home, and so he choose rather to be set at liberty and be returned to his friends. This was yielded, and he was conducted in honor back to the settlement. Thus singularly met and parted the father and son.

WHO WAS THE BOY?

THE HEROIC DEED OF A STATESMAN AND A DIPLOMAT.

"Jim can manage him."

These words were spoken by a dark-featured and full-bearded man to his companion, a swarthy fellow whose every look betokened the fierce nature within, as the two ascended from the cabin of the Mary Ann of Bitter Creek, and stepped quietly on the quarter deck. The older of the two took a few turns of the somewhat confined space between the binnacle and a partly used chew of tobacco which the second mate had left on the port rail, and then went below to consult his charts.

The situation was indeed a critical one for the beautiful vessel, which rested like a swan on the heaving surface of the Miami Canal. For three hours she had been becalmed by a balky mule. Freighted with a cargo of golden-hued pumpkins, it was important that there should be no delay in reaching the port to which they were consigned. Hence the skipper's anxiety was but natural. The black clouds that were scurrying across the southern sky told too plainly that a storm was approaching, and woe to the vessel it found unprepared. The Captain knew that in the present situation of his stately ship a wreck was inevitable should the storm strike her. It was an anxious moment, but his cheek never blanched. It could n't, unless washed, and of this none who knew our hero had any fear. Glancing hastily at the compass he saw that the vessel's proper course was east by south, and that the lead mule was at least two points away, and on his beam ends. The storm was rapidly approaching, and the ominous mutterings of heaven's artillery was evidence enough that ere long the now placid surface of the canal would be lashed into white-capped billows, any one of which would engulf the Mary Ann. To think was to act with the Captain. Hastily seizing a glittering fog horn from its place in the rattlines, he placed it quickly to his mouth and shouted:

"Tie up the cook."

It was a wise move. The cook was liable to have hysterics when anything went wrong, and frequently tipped over the supper.

"The Cap'in's all right," said Coshocton Joe to the ship's carpenter, a tall, athletic fellow from Berea, whose brawny arm had often directed the fatal fishline in pickerel season.

"Aye, aye, messmate," was the response; "and though I'm sore afeard we'll ne'er see wife and children again or steal grapes in the Sandusky Valley, it's not I that will shrink back or stepashore at a time like this."

"Well said, my hearty," came in a gruff voice from the ship's waist. "Our binnacle lights may go out this night forever, but let us die like Ohioans."

By this time the first puffs of the approaching tempest were plainly to be felt and the shrill notes of the boss hens on the neighboring farms showed that even they had scented the danger and were seeking shelter.

It was a terrific moment.

The mule was apparently the only animate thing that did not comprehend the danger.—He lay obliquely across the towpath, occasionally whisking a fly from his ear with one of his hind feet, but gave no other evidence of life.

Unless he could be gotten on his feet the ship would be lost. What could be done?

While all were standing in speechless amaze at the phenominal cussedness of the beast, a slouch hat was seen to emerge from the forecastle, quickly followed by a small boy. One glance at the angry sky and another at the mule was enough. Quickly leaping upon the slop bucket, he sprang lightly from the larboard rail to the towpath, and advanced toward the apparently sleeping mule.

The crew look on with astonishment.

With stealthy tread he crept alongside of the animal, and with one bound alighted on his back. Like a flash he grabbed its tail and gave that member a violent twist. In an instant the mule was on his feet and kicking in seventeen directions at once. But he was left. The boy was on his back, holding the lines with a grasp of iron. With a terrible yaw-haw of rage the now thoroughly infuriated animal dashed madly forward. The strain on the cable was immense, and the good ship's timbers groaned as if in agony. In a moment, however, she felt the breeze created by the mule going ahead, and her entwater cleft the blue waters like a knife as she kicked to star board and stood away on her course.

The boy on the mule had saved her, and when the Captain saw him twist the animal's tail he said, loud enough for all to hear:

"That was the act of a statesman and a diplomat."

Who was the boy? James A. Garfield.

—*Chicago Tribune.* J. FENIMORE COOPER.

"THE WORST BLUFF I EVER MADE."—"Yank Hibbard, a well-known railroad man, connected with the Vandalia, while in Indianapolis a few days ago, had an experience in a street car which he will remember.—"Yank" is very fond of a "bluff" and a joke. He got a'board the car and sat down opposite a quiet-looking gray old man. Presently "Yank" pulled out a long flat pocket-book, containing about $125 in small bills. These he flourished with sufficient force to conceal their denomination, remarking in loud tones as he did so I will bet $1,000 that Garfield is the next President of the United States."

The quiet gray man said: "Are you not a little reckless, young man?"

"I guess not, money talks," replied Yank, as he gave the bills another flaunt.

"So it does," said the quiet gray man, as he produced a most pictioric pocket-book. From the roll therein he "skinned" off a $500 bill and five $100, remarking as he did so:

"I will see that money of yours, and if you want to bet from $1,000 to $5,000 more, or know anybody that does, I will accommodate you or him."

Yank was struck all in a heap at the display of wealth and confidence upon the part of the quiet old gentleman, and he merely gasped: "Who the devil are you?"

"A great many people stand ready to bet the same amount that I will be the next Governor of Indiana. I will bet it myself. My name is Frank Landers."

Yank reached up, pulled the strap, and as he got off the car remarked: "That is the worst bluff I ever made."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

RESULT OF TANNER'S EXPERIMENT.—Tramp: "Would you please give me something to eat ma'm? I haven't had a mou'ful for 14 days." Cook: "No, get out of here: it's only been a fortnight since I gave you a slice of bread, and here you are pretending to be hungry already."

FROM JET BLACK TO SNOW WHITE.

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE WHICH CHANGED THE COLOR OF A MAN'S HAIR IN A NIGHT.

Mr. Slocum, of Slocumville, yesterday attracted the attention of a *Gazette* man. Mr. Slocum seemed to be a gentleman. He was a young man and only one thing distinguished him in any special manner from numerous other young men on the street. His hair was white as the driven snow. Vivacious and intelligent in appearance, the contrast between his youthful looks and snowy locks was startling. Feeling that some story of a terrible strain on Mr. Slocum's nervous system was partially revealed in this manner, the *Gazette* man inquired the cause of change of color in his hair. A strange expression flitted across his features at the question, as if no very pleasant recollections were awakened, but forcing a smile he said:

"A terrible experience caused my hair to change its color, and I cannot yet speak of it without shuddering. However I have no objection to relating the circumstances."

"What was the original color of your hair, Mr. Slocum?"

"Jet black. I will give you my experience. I have been a revenue collector for several years. Eight years ago, in the summer of 1872, I was obliged to take a trip through Western Arkansas. There were rough characters out there. Men who would steal the shoes off your horse's feet, when they could get nothing else. Outlaws who were steeped in crime and hesitated at nothing. In the course of my trip I reached a district in which were several characters who for doing deeds of crime had attracted the attention of the whole State, but the authorities were unable to apprehend them. I had quite a large sum of money with me. I feared nothing in those days. After being one morning in a small village near Little River, and receiving $150, I started out on horseback north towards Fort Smith. I had about $81,700 in my saddle-bags and was a little bit nervous to get in safe to that place. I had seen nothing to make me suspect that I was not safe. The sun shone brightly and the heat was somewhat oppressive. As it grew later in the day it became so warm that I thought I should rest. Coming to the banks of Little River I forded it and clambered up the steep northern bank. Jumping off my horse I tied him under a clump of trees and sought the grateful shade of an elm that grew near the river bank. I had carried my saddle-bags with me, and making a pillow of them, lay down. Two revolvers were in the holster. I fell asleep, and do not know how long I slept, but suddenly awoke to find three men standing near me. Regardless of consequences, I seized one of my revolvers and pegged away, hitting one of them in the shoulder and disabling him. The other two grappled me.—One of them made a pass at me with a knife, but I dodged it and hit him in the head with my pistol, knocking him senseless. The other closed with me and we had a —— of a struggle. Biting, scratching and kicking, we tried in vain to throw each other down. I had dropped my pistol. My horse whinnied from fright, and it began to grow dark. To my dying day I will not forget that fight. It was death to one or the other. I had recognized in my assailant Bill Buckle, a notorious character. Desperately we fought, edging nearer the river. The bank crumbled suddenly behind me, and I toppled over backwards, dragging Buckle with me. His head hit a root in the fall, and he was stunned for a moment. Scrambling as well as I could to my horse, I got my saddle-bags and rode away, the disabled rascal shaking his fist at me as I went. I ran across a darkey hut before it got dark, and remained all night, expecting an attack, but resolving to sell my life as dearly as possible. None came. In the morning the darkey woman living in the cabin said: 'Massa, your hair is white.' And sure enough it was, and has been ever since. The shock to my nervous system had been more than I imagined. I never heard of the men afterwards, and was more than glad that I escaped as luckily as I did."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

FIFTEEN YEARS OF LIFE A BLANK.—In a plain but neat little story-and-a-half white house, 149 Townsend street, Syracuse, New York, lives a German girl named Amelia Hosch, who passed her 20th birthday on the 15th of January last. The greater part of her life—fully fifteen years—has been a blank. In her childhood Amelia was considered an unusually bright girl. She early learned to read and write both English and German, and could play the piano with considerable skill. When between ten and eleven years of age she was attacked with fever and ague. This soon developed into hysterical fits and in a few weeks the girl lost her reason. Her power of speech left her, and her limbs refused to support her. She became a helpless imbecile, and did not leave her bed except when lifted from it.—From four to eight times a night and from two to six times a day she was seized with the most violent paroxysms. Many times it was thought that she was drawing her last breath. Medicines of every kind were tried, but without effect. In March, 1879, Dr. A. H. Tankie visited the girl and made a diagnosis of her case. He combined a preparation of his own with one obtained from a professor in Columbia College, New York. The second night after Amelia began taking the preparation she slept all night, something she had not done before in fifteen years. She began to increase in flesh, and in June uttered the first words that she had spoken since she was attacked. Gradually her powers of speech returned, and with it her memory. The period of her mental slumber is a blank, and she is more of a child than a woman, except in years. She tells of what she saw in her childhood, and sings the songs she used to sing in her Sunday school. Although she has received no instruction since her recovery, she can read, write, figure, and do everything that she did before she lost her reason. When asked about her illness she looks at the questioner in a wondering way—she knows nothing about it. She now weighs about 140 pounds—nearly twice as much as she did before she began taking the preparation. She is a strong, healthy looking young woman. She articulates rather slowly, but her replies are prompt and correct. While talking with the correspondent, she said "I know everything I used to know." She likes to talk, and embraces every opportunity to converse that is offered. The case excites the wonder of physicians and a great many have called to see the girl.

MILTON was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages, to which he replied: "No, sir. One tongue is sufficient for a woman."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18, 1880.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

Washington City is to the majority of people who visit it an unknown city. The politician and the editor generally run in the same groove, from depot to hotel and back, or from the capitol to the hotel or to some of the departments, back and forth, and they see very little of the city or its inhabitants. It is really a very beautiful place. I am glad the republicans have put it in such good order for the Democrats, but it has been very expensive.

The summer season shows Washington off in its gayest colors to the ordinary eye. Everybody seems to live out of doors. You see along the streets of a summer evening, as I see them lined with people dressed in white and light clothes, seated in chairs on the green plots in front of their houses, looking the very picture of well-fed comfort. The Do Gofer wooden pavements have been nearly all removed, and replaced with some kind of black cement pavement that is as smooth as a planed board. You cannot hear the wheels of any kind of a vehicle on it, and from the number of carriages to be seen on every street you would imagine they were as great a necessity with the average Washington family as sewing machines are with us. There will be plenty of horses and carriages and houses too, for sale here about the 1st of November

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - AUG. 27, 1880.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HON. GEO. A. JENKS,
Of Jefferson County.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
COL. ROBERT P. DECHERT,
Of Philadelphia.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:
A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
HERMAN BAUMER, of Conemaugh Boro',
[Subject to decision of Democratic Conference.]

FOR ASSEMBLY:
JOHN FENLON, of Ebensburg.
L. D. WOODRUFF, of Johnstown.

FOR PROTHONOTARY:
CHARLES A. LANGHEIN, of Chest Township.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER:
MICHAEL SWEENEY, of Cambria Borough.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
WILLIAM H. SECHLER, of Ebensburg.

FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTORS:
FRANCIS J. BAKER, (2 years,) of Susquehanna.
GEORGE W. EASLY, (1 year,) of Johnstown.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
S. M. DOUGLASS, of Chest Springs.

FOR CORONER:
HENRY SCANLAN, of Carrolltown.

DAN VOORHEES took time between delivering two stump speeches on Saturday last, to telegraph to a friend in Washington that he could safely bet his pile on the success of the Democratic State ticket in Indiana at the October election.

JUDGE HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, of Georgia, who was the Democratic candidate for Vice President in 1860 on the ticket with Stephen A. Douglas, died one day last week. He was sixty-eight years old, and had filled several of the highest offices in his State.

ACCORDING to the Republican papers, it is the "quiet vote" that is going to elect Garfield. It really does seem from the present outlook as if Garfield's vote would be alarmingly "quiet" when compared with Hancock's, which will sweep resistlessly onward like the rushing together of many waters.

THE nomination last week of James E. English, as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Connecticut, has deprived the Republicans of all the hope they ever had of carrying that State. Mr. English has twice been elected Governor of Connecticut, the last time in 1871, and it is generally conceded by shrewd politicians that his nomination means his election.

THE Republican organs profess to have strong hopes of success from the fact, as claimed by them, that the Quakers will vote for Garfield. We suppose they will, and it will be all on account of Garfield's military record, for it is well known that the Quakers are opposed to war as a mode of settling disputed questions, and could not, therefore, be expected to take any stock in such a "superb soldier" as Gen. Hancock.

SCHUYLER COLFAX is said by some of the Republican papers to be in great demand in Eastern Pennsylvania as a teachers' institute lecturer, but he don't seem to be in demand any where as a stump speaker for Garfield. And yet since Patterson of New Hampshire, another Congressional lamb who "borrowed" money in the shape of Credit Mobilier stock from Oakes Ames, has taken the stump in favor of Garfield, it seems strange that Colfax hasn't seen his way clear to imitate his example.

A GOOD DEAL of boasting is now being indulged in by the Garfield papers over what they call the Irish Republican party of the United States. So far as has been ascertained up to date, A. L. Morrison, who is now on the Republican stump in Maine, where he passes himself off as a "Judge," but who is a Justice of the Peace in Chicago, is just one-half of this formidable new party, and Thos. B. Keogh, of North Carolina, who went to the Chicago convention as an advocate of Grant for a third term, constitutes the other half.

"TO THIS COMPLEXION it has come at last" with John Cessna, as we bet week said it would. His "promise" of a majority of 60,000 in this State for Garfield has been growing small by degrees and beautifully less, and the Johnstown *Tribune* of Tuesday gives as a sign of distress the latest utterances of Cessna, "that as there are seven thousand voting places in the State of Pennsylvania, if just one Democratic vote is gained over to the Republican poll in each of these districts, no fear need be apprehended of Pennsylvania's vote." Oh! what a fall is there, my countrymen!

COLONEL RICHARD COBB, an influential colored man of Hernando, Mississippi, sent a letter last week to the Democratic National Committee in which he says: "Feeling confident that the colored people of the South will be protected in every right guaranteed to them by the constitution if Gen. Hancock is elected President, I pledge him my hearty support, and will do all in my power to elect him." This means, through Cobb's influence, a large colored Republican vote in Hernando for Hancock, and yet in the face of such undoubted proof the Altoona *Tribune* won't admit that any colored men in the South have heretofore voted the Democratic ticket, or that they will do so at the election in November.

ISN'T it about time for the Johnstown *Tribune* and other organs of its kind to drop from the head of their editorial columns the following extract falsely alleged to be taken from a speech recently delivered by Wade Hampton at Staunton, Virginia?

"Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. THESE ARE THE SAME PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT FOR FOUR YEARS. Remember the men who poured forth their life blood on Virginia soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket."

Wade Hampton has done more since the close of the war for the colored people of South Carolina than any other living man, and four years ago thousands of them manifested their gratitude towards him for his good works by voting for and electing him Governor. He is for the Union and all the constitutional amendments, and the Republican editors who keep this pretended extract standing in their columns don't believe a word of it, for no man but a born fool would suppose that he ever said anything of the kind. This, however, is a campaign of calumny and forgery on the part of the Republican press, and the *Tribune*, at its very commencement, disgraced its columns by publishing a forged dispatch from "John, Archbishop" of New York, to Gen. Hancock, knowing it to be so, for to suppose that it believed it to be genuine would be a gross insult to the intelligence of its editor. Gov. Hampton has twice denied that in his Staunton speech he uttered anything like what the extract falsely imputes to him, and in a letter to a gentleman at Washington he asks:

"Is my whole record since the close of the war and all my efforts for a better understanding between the sections—a bread and down reaching for the Union—to be frittered away by the forgeries of an obscure newspaper writer? I neither used the words attributed to me nor anything approaching them in meaning."

With honorable men this surely ought to be enough, but it won't stop the circulation of the forgery by Republican editors who embarked in the campaign with a candidate for President shown to be rotten by Republican testimony, and who are, therefore, determined to win at all hazards.

HAVING in last week's FREEMAN hermetically sealed the lips of the editor of the Altoona *Tribune* in reference to the use either of force or fraud by the Democrats of Lowndes county, Alabama, at the recent election in that State, as had been confidently charged by that paper, we did not suppose that its editor, after he had crawled out of the hole into which we had put him, would falsely and deliberately attribute to us, in the article referred to, the use of the following words: "They will do it," says the FREEMAN, "cast the vote of every Southern State for Hancock." To put words into our mouth which we never uttered is not quite consistent with the high moral pretensions of the *Tribune*. "They will do it." Who will "do it?" and what will they do? Why, as stated in the preceding sentence, that the same colored men who voted the Democratic ticket in Lowndes county, claimed by the colored editor of the Huntsville *Herald* to have been "more than a thousand," would vote for Hancock in November, and that "thousands more like them in Alabama and in every other Southern State" would do the same thing. That is what we meant when we used the words, "They will do it," by adding to which certain words of its own the *Tribune* perverts into a declaration on our part that the vote of every Southern State will be counted for Hancock, "right or wrong." This may be fair and honorable in the estimation of the *Tribune*, but we regard it as the meanest kind of editorial bushwhacking.

THE reports of the progress of the campaign daily received from all sections of the country during the past week by the Democratic National Committee continue to be of the most encouraging character. We will only notice two of the most notable instances of accessions to Hancock outside of this State. In the eighth ward of Syracuse, New York, fifty-one Republicans who had joined a Hancock and English Club raised a Hancock pole 150 feet high on Monday night last. The pole was drawn through the principal streets of the city by four horses, preceded by martial music, and caused much excitement in political circles. The fifty-one Republican Hancock members of the Club say that fully two hundred Republicans in the Eighth Ward will join it before the campaign is over. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, Gen. Noble, Col. Ben Lockwood, Col. Samuel Sumner, Col. Robert Fitzgibbons, and many others, soldiers in the late war and former Republicans, have formed a Hancock Club which already comprises several hundred soldiers who have seen active service. In our own State the Mt. Pleasant *Times and Mining Journal*, a Republican paper has avowed itself for Hancock for reasons which will be found published elsewhere in our paper. Marshall Swartzwelder, the well known Pittsburgh criminal lawyer, has announced himself for Hancock. These are all very large straws and show how strongly the political tide is running in favor of Hancock.

GEN. JOHN M. PALMER, of Illinois, a Republican during the war, but of late years a Democrat, was with the army in Tennessee when Garfield was chief of Gen. Rosecrans' staff. He declared a Hancock speech on Saturday, the 14th inst., in Sangamon county, Ill., in which he said that it was on the 17th of October, 1863, that Garfield left the army to take his seat in Congress; that Congress was not to assemble for six weeks after said date, so that he needed not to be in a hurry; and that there was plenty of time for him to take part in the expected battle near Chattanooga, for which the army was then preparing, and get to Washington long before the meeting of Congress on the first Monday in December. "But on the 17th of October," says Gen. Palmer, "he (Garfield) mounted his horse and rode to the rear, leaving his comrades exposed to the enemy's fire and already in line of battle." "It was remarked in the army at the time," adds Gen. Palmer, "that General Garfield had left the army when no true soldier would have done so." Does any man harbor even a suspicion that Hancock would have acted in such a manner?

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHIES—A BUCHANAN ROMANCE—KNIGHT TEMPLARS—POSSESSED OF THE DEVIL—AN ADROIT PERFORMANCE—A RETURN OF THE VISIT—LOSING GOOD CAMPAIGN THUNDER—NATURALIZATION MILLS, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23, 1880.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

Our Mayor comes from Long Branch on Mondays and holds an hour's court at his office, at the close of which he returns to the Branch to sport his fast horses along the bluff for the remainder of the week. So our country cousins will see that Philadelphia has a Long Branch Mayor.

The Republican high-cock-alorems are having a grand pow-wow at Long Branch, fixing up for the nominations next month. They say the people want a respectable ticket, and they propose to give them an unexceptionable one.

The *Commonwealth* will be issued daily, and will be edited by Richard Vaux. So Philadelphia will have one simon pure Democratic daily newspaper.

The Democrats propose having a big demonstration on the evening of Sept. 15th, at which all the clubs will turn out.

Collector Hartranft is about to cause some weeping and wailing because of his intention of bringing his son up as a politician by making him a deputy collector at a salary of $3,000 a year.

CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHIES.

Since the nomination of Garfield for the Presidency there has been seven different biographies published of his life and public services, all of which are Republican text-books for the campaign of 1880. There has also been three biographies of Gen. Hancock published, and another is forthcoming at the hands of Colonel John W. Forney. No Presidential campaign has been so thickly sowed with biographical essays on the respective candidates as the present one. Hancock's forthcoming biography will be a book of peculiar and special interest, on account of the author's recent return to the Democratic fold.

A BUCHANAN ROMANCE.

If George Lippard were alive what a romance he could make out of the Buchanan business. Would, indeed, that George were alive! A soul-harrowing drama could be made out of the Buchanan case. The thrilling incidents of Buchanan's bold dive for liberty should be dramatized by some enterprising theatrical genius.

THE BATTLE-SCARRED KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

The bold Knights enjoyed the glories of war without encountering any of its dangers. Though they left us well armed with swords and implements of war, it is gratifying to know that the warlike and battle-scarred Knight Templars who went to Chicago returned without the loss of a single man. Happy, happy Knights, to enjoy all the glories of war without any of its dangers.

POSSESSED OF THE DEVIL.

Blasius Pistorius, who in 1877 murdered a man near Norristown, in Montgomery county, and was then convicted of murder in the first degree, but afterwards had his punishment commuted to imprisonment for life, and is now serving his sentence in the Eastern penitentiary, and who was so abusive of Archbishop Wood and his attorneys, now says he is "possessed of the devil." That was the general opinion when he committed the murder.

AN ADROIT PERFORMANCE.

A coroner's jury has not yet sat upon the body of Dr. Buchanan, who jumped from a ferry boat into the Delaware river on the night of the 17th instant. For upwards of twenty years Buchanan was the greatest of American shams. As Dean of the "Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia," the "American University," the "Philadelphia University," and a number of other bogus institutions with imposing names, this man Buchanan, by a single stroke of his pen, created doctors in America, England, Germany, Brazil, Cuba, and indeed everywhere, thereby making large sums of money and living in princely magnificence, being the greatest lawyers and bribing the highest officials. The Philadelphia *Record*, however, tore the mask from his face and completely exposed the imposture, and then it was that the penitentiary stared him in the face. But the Doctor rose to the height of the occasion by attempting his grandest imposture. Still the Doctor's bogus death will not be accepted until it has been "officially" signed, sealed and stamped by a coroner whose jury has sat upon his body, which is not likely soon to happen. It was an adroit performance, that of jumping into the Delaware, and the Doctor is to-day enjoying the satisfaction of having fooled justice out of its lawful victim.

A RETURN OF THE VISIT.

A return of the visit made by the Atlanta company last fall is to be made by the State Fencibles this fall. In October Captain Ryan, with the State Fencibles, will visit Atlanta. As a result of the visit last year one mercantile house in this city has sold $40,000 worth of goods in a section they never before reached. This proposed visit of the fencibles to Atlanta will do more good for Philadelphia than all the campaign documents ever published, or the waiving of all the bloody shirts in Pennsylvania.

LOSING GOOD THUNDER.

The Democrats of this city are losing much good campaign thunder in not using the rotten Republican Pardon Board, which, besides the pardon of Kemble and other riot-bribery bill convicts, pardoned also the water department thieves of this city and set them loose long before they served out their sentences. These things seem to have been forgotten by the Democrats at least. They don't appear to be using this excellent campaign thunder which is ready made to their hand and lying around loose.

THE NATURALIZATION MILL.

There is great activity in the naturalization market. There is a constant stream of foreigners anxious to become American citizens, and hence the naturalization committees of both organizations are very busy. The activity of the committees shows that both parties are actively at work, and mean to leave nothing undone to "push along the column."

G. N. S.

GARFIELD denies that he was bribed by Oakes Ames, but admits that he "borrowed" money from him. As old Sam Weller would say, what "a werry hextraordinary coincidence" it is that at the very same time that Ames, according to the entry in his memorandum book, gave Garfield a check for $329, being the surplus due him after the dividends had been paid Ames for the $1,000 Credit Mobilier stock, John A. Logan and Wm. D. Kelley, two other Congressmen, to each of whom Ames had given $1,000 of the stock, "borrowed" from him precisely the same sum, $329, and were paid in the very same way (by a check) that Garfield was. Three Congressmen each wanting at the same time to get the same amount of money from the man who was putting the stock "where it would do the most good" was indeed a "werry extraordinary coincidence."

MR. REDPATH, the correspondent in Ireland of the New York *Tribune*, estimates the amount of money sent from this country during the present year, for the relief of Ireland, at *five* millions of dollars. This includes the New York *Herald* fund, contributions to Mr. Parnell, the Nun of Kenmare's fund and the amounts sent directly to Catholic and Protestant hierarchies, to prominent citizens, and by families in America direct to their kindred in Ireland.

LETTER FROM PITTSBURG.

THE CANVASS IN THE WEST—PECULIARITIES OF THE CAMPAIGN—DAN'L DOUGHERTY'S FIRST SPEECH—WILMOT, VIC. PIOLETTE AND GROW.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 24, 1880.

Special Correspondence of the Freeman:

The old smoky town is all life now, the more smoke the more noise and business, and the greater satisfaction. Added to the smoking fires of industry we have at night the thousands in the political processions. Up to this time the evening parades have been principally by the youngsters, who manage to get tin torch lamps well supplied with oil. There are over one hundred and fifty Democratic clubs alone in the various wards and divisions, all preparing for a regular street outburst in September. What hot months September and October will be, politically, is presaged by this early preparation.

THE NEW COUNTY COMMITTEE

was called for Saturday by Hon. James H. Hopkins, chairman, and the good work systematically commenced.

Gen. Moorhead, or "Old Slackwater," as he used to be called, is chairman of the Republican Committee. He is a foeman worthy of Sir James' steel, as he has many warm personal friends, and since the death of Mackey seems to unite all factions in the Republican ranks. But even his popularity cannot hold Republicans from declaring for Hancock. Many of them, like the rich brewer of Philadelphia, prefer to support Hancock quietly, rather than start a whole regiment after them, begging for their return or threatening the most dangerous consequences. But the tide seems against them. The flop of Gen. Pearson is only an index of what is going on in the rank and in the file of the men who were soldiers. It does not seem to be isolated cases alone among the Pennsylvania reserves who were under Hancock during the war, but in every department of the army all over the United States the same thing is occurring.

THIS HANCOCK CANVASS

is not like any of the last five Presidential campaigns that we had. The people this time seem to spring into organizations like magic. The National and Congressional Committees had been carefully collecting the names of active men with their post-office addresses for months to be used as a nucleus for a splendid spread of an organization, entering into every precinct or election district in the United States, when all at once the cyclone of a general political uprising struck them, and for the time being at least their gossamar threads of an organization were hid. The clubs and pole risings, the meetings and speeches are going on like the wild surges along the sea shore. It does seem as if no amount of official trap setting, or of putting out lines of manipulating them, was any good in the presence of a storm such as is now beating all over the country. It is the cause and the candidate. Nothing but a similar combination could produce a like result. Mere wire pulling would not do it, and he who can do nothing else but lay fine plans is comparatively lost when the active fight is going on, as it is at present. It is just in a time like this that Wallace can show his superiority. He can "kick up Ned" in a quiet way at any time with anybody, but when the waters are out and the storm covers the land he can go front and make himself heard. I notice his Norristown speech has been pretty generally copied by our Democratic papers. This campaign, however, will try the wind of the best of them.

THERE ARE YOUNG MEN

in every county in the State who should be brought to the front this year in active service, as speakers. It will all go to swell the grand old army. Let the aged men remember that it is to these young men that we must leave the care of the party, and therefore we should encourage them to try and fit themselves in every way for the duty. A little encouragement will often get us a good speaker, whilst a trifling contemptous remark may throw a good cause in the shade by driving valuable supports from it.

DOUGHERTY FIRST SPEECH.

The eloquent Dougherty, who nominated Hancock at Cincinnati, in one of his lectures tells a very funny story on himself about attending a political meeting in Philadelphia for the purpose of delivering his first public speech. He said he was modestly on the hills as among the "and others" who were to address the meeting. Wm. H. Witte, Chas. W. Carrigan, and several other big guns, had at that time each a Pie apiece on the hills, but Dougherty was hid away among the "and others." This did not daunt him, however, and as the bright lights mostly fail to come in on time, Chas. J. Ingersol took young Dougherty by the hand, and after asking his name several times, introduced him. Dougherty got off a few sentences and then he fainted stone dead. But he kept going to the political meetings among the "and others," and he can now draw as big a crowd as any man I know of. It is indeed a rare treat to hear him.

FORNEY AND DOUGHERTY.

both left us at the same time, and now come back together. They went off on the Douglas split, and are the pointers back for a good many others. Pennsylvania is really a Democratic State. Out of fifteen Presidential elections that were held previous to the war the old Keystone scored up thirteen times for the Democratic candidates, and but twice against them. In the Seymour fight, in 1868, Wallace then chairman of the State Committee tried to get Dougherty back. Several conferences were held, but Dougherty was for the legitimate results of the war, and in favor of elevating Grant. Well, Grant was elevated, and Dougherty and other admirers of the silent soldier blushed at his surroundings before the administration closed. This time the two Dremois, Forney and Dougherty come without coaxing, and with them many others. Forney's magazine, has jumped up in circulation immensely since his recent "flop." Another straggler who might as well come back as not is

GALUSHA A. GROW

He went off with David Wilmot, however, which was earlier than the Breckenridge-Douglas troubles. The Wilmot proviso business demoralized the whole northern tier of counties on us—Bradford, Susquehanna, Potter and McKean. "Jump in, Vic.," said Wilmot to Vic. Piolette; "jump in, you shall go to Congress and I will be Judge;" but Piolette shook his head and the two Democrats separated. Wilmot went to Congress as an anti-slavery Democrat, and was afterward a Judge. Piolette still lives, but could never strike it politically. He made plenty of money building railroads, but he never seemed to know just when he could interfere in politices to the greatest advantage to himself. Perhaps it was all to his advantage that he never got what he most desired. He is still vigorous enough to look after one of Wilmot pets, Galusha A. Grow in a political way.

THE Hollidaysburg *Standard* very pertinently says that the interest manifested by the Altoona *Tribune* in the fortunes of Banmer and Conrad reminds one of the history of the endeavors made by a certain historical personage to run the affairs of the patriarch of Uz. The *Tribune* may not know it, but there is not a Democrat in Blair or Cambria county so simple as not to understand the purpose of the *Tribune* in wasting so much of its editorial space on the Senatorial question. And when the proper time comes the Democrats will nominate the next Senator from this district.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—William Buchanan died in Juniata county last week, at the age of 103 years.

—Jacob Ernst, of Albany township, Berks county, cut 311 cords of wood in five months.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Jennings, of Williamsport, is willing to make oath to the fact that she is 110 years of age.

—J—Ames A. Garfield is a suggestive way of writing the name of the Republican candidate for President.

—Weaver now starts out to carry Arkansas. He claimed Alabama first, and is taking them alphabetically.

—Bob Ingersoll for President and James Parton for Vice President is the ticket of the Allegheny (N. C.) *Infidel*.

—The Doylestown *Democrat* expects to see B. Milton Speer the Democratic candidate for Governor in the near future.

—Jacob Juricks, of West Chester, has a potato vine measuring nine feet in length and bearing twenty-three potatoes.

—Dr. Tanner has been compelled to get his teeth pulled—the long fasting and subsequent strong eating having caused his gums to let go.

—Joel Chenowitz and the house he was riding were both killed by lightning Friday evening near Green Lawn Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio.

—Mr. John D. Allen, of Lancaster, has come into possession of a clock that the Lancaster *Examiner* says is known to be 158 years old.

—Dr. Cream, of Chicago, is charged with most heinous malpractice. Though a loudly professing Christian, he seems to be nothing more than skim milk.

—Commodore Nutt, once the pet of the ladies is now a dissipated dwarf, and conducts a disorderly lager beer saloon in San Francisco. In other words, he has become a very "hard Nutt."

—A Hancock Legion, composed entirely of Union veterans, has been organized at Boyertown, Berks county, Pennsylvania, and has also formed the Hancock Club.

—According to the Seymour, Texas, *Crescent*, Frank Davis, a Baylor county well-digger, fell headlong down a well, sixty feet in depth, and escaped unhurt.

—Sylvia Heins, of Clermont, Ohio, has just finished an experiment. He has lived twenty years on rye bread and hard cider. The rye bread killed him at last.

—J. Kercher, a wealthy farmer near New Philadelphia, Ohio, died on Thursday from the effects of a severe bite on the hand, inflicted by Simon, his insane son.

—Delaware county has a queer old man who has been about there for forty years, who eternly refuses any offer of a bed, but sleeps always in a barn on the hay.

—S. S. Kirkwood, a car inspector in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards at Harrisburg, had both legs cut off by a train on Saturday evening, and died five hours afterward.

—Garfield says he has no doubt of the result of the election—in which respect he resembles a good many other people who have made up their minds to vote for Hancock.

—A gentleman was recently killed in Salt Lake, and upon being dressed a needle about one and a half inches long was protruding from the gizzard and sticking into the heart about half an inch.

—Mr. John Russell, of Conguessville, Lancaster county, recently discovered on his farm an ear of corn of double the common size, surrounded by 26 ears of smaller size. They were all united at the butt end.

—At Oglethorpe, Ga., two large trees have grown up like pillars under a rock shelf, in which they are embedded. The rock is loose, and can be made to sway. It is called the shaking granite.

—The Erie *Herald* states that there is no reason for the excitement prevailing there over a statement that recent deaths in that city were caused by Asiatic cholera. The deaths were from other causes.

—A horse belonging to a butcher at Montreal, Can., trotted fifty miles on Blue Bonnets Race Course in three hours and fifty minutes. The wager was that he would not accomplish the feat in five hours.

—Mrs. Hutchinson threatened, at Sligo, Ohio, to do something that would "make Oscar feel right bad." Oscar was her husband, and they had quarrelled. That night she climbed a tree and broke her collar-bone.

—The Duel Mute Hancock Club, with fifty members, is the latest political movement in New York. Why not send Logan to roar at them now and then? If they can't hear him, the Republicans may as well give them up.

—The London *Times's* Geneva correspondent announces that Bishop Herzog has left Switzerland for the United States, with the object of promoting a scheme for the federation of all Christian churches in the universe.

—A man named Green, from St. Louis, was found in the cornfield of Mr. Israel Eyb, near Lancaster, Lancaster county, on Thursday where he had been for three days without food. He was suffering with white swelling in one of his legs.

—The *Forest National Democrat* says it is not generally known that Enderton is the point where four counties join—Venango, Clarion, Butler and Armstrong. A large rock in the river opposite the railroad bridge is the point where they converge.

—The *National Vicie*, the organ of the Greenbackers, abuses Mr. English in a column article. Meanwhile its nominee for President, General Weaver, is advertised to make speeches for Hancock and English in Maine. Which represents the party?

—An infant child of Franklin Kantner, of Berks county, was left in charge of a little girl, who after putting the baby to sleep went out, and on her return it was discovered that a large rat had gnawed the child's face so that it will be impossible for it to recover.

—Edwin C. Mix, jr., a married man, aged thirty-two years, was killed at New Orleans on Friday by the three Derance brothers, Ferdinand, Armand and Henri, aged respectively twenty-five, twenty and eighteen years, because, as they assert, he flirted with their sister.

—Mr. Jacob Stahr, of Earl township, Berks, county, is 87 years old. He daily performs hard manual labor, and frequently astonishes people by biting and chewing pieces out of glass tumblers. A "Stahr of the living"—of life—must Jacob Stahr be, don't you see?

—A young man named Patrick King was shot through the stomach on Sunday night at Des Moines, Iowa, as he was escorting two young women home. Several girls and a man named Wallace were arrested. Wallace confesses the deed. It is doubtful if King can recover.

—Albert Huxley, of Clayton, Winnebago county, Wis., a farmer, aged 78 years, was shot on Friday by his son-in-law—Norths Hutchinson—who lived at the time with him. Hutchinson then shot himself, both dying within an hour. The tragedy was the result of family and business difficulties.

—General Garfield will succeed Hayes—in one thing at least. It will be nip and tuck between the big squash and Garfield which shall be the largest vegetable at the agricultural fairs in the fall. The latter has just accepted an invitation to make an address at the Iowa State Fair, in Des Moines.

—The Boston *Post* wickedly says: "The very latest charge against General Hancock is that he swears. Well, General Garfield swore once, that we know of, and there is considerable evidence that makes it look as if the General did not swear as his good old mother would have wished."

—As Mrs. Sarah Marble, of Lenoir, N. C., was about to leave home on a visit, and while relatives and friends were assembled to bid her farewell, her sister-in-law, a very large woman, put her arm around her and hugged her so enthusiastically that she unintentionally fractured one of her ribs.

—A singular accident occurred on the farm of James Keech, of West Whiteland, Chester county, the other. While Samuel Williams was standing near the granary the walls of the building burst asunder and ejected 135 bushels of wheat and 525 bushels of oats and causing Williams to jump for his life.

—Jacob Helman, of Bethlehem, has now in his possession a handsomely figured towel which was used for the purpose of wiping the hands at festivals, and was originally the property of Mr. Helman's great-great-grandfather. The towel is covered with Hebrew characters, and is a fine piece of workmanship.

—Mrs. Hannah Bent, of East Boston, was kept alive for forty-two days, during a recent illness, by moistening her mouth with cider. Her stomach could not endure tea, coffee, milk or even water, and it is doubtful whether it ever received more than a spoonful of the cider with which her mouth was moistened.

—If the negro who was shot dead during a political parade in Yatchousha county, Mississippi, had been a Republican, his name would have been remembered longer than it is likely to be. He was a Democrat. The *Tribune* of this town, says the N. Y. *Sun*, makes no attempt to conceal its chagrin that this was the case.

—A fire broke out in Edenburg, Pa., early Sunday morning and destroyed forty buildings, being all the business portion of the town built since the $10,000 fire of May last. This is the fifth time the place has been burned. It is supposed to have been started by an incendiary. The loss is estimated at about $20,000, with little or no insurance.

—"Mary Adams" is a mysterious factory girl in a mill at Winthrop, Mass. She wears a thick veil while at work, or going to and from the mill, talks to no one but her boarding-house keeper, and goes to church regularly, but shakes hands with no one. They say she is the daughter of rich Boston parents, who stopped giving her money because she gave it all to the poor and labored as a city missionary.

—The New Orleans *Democrat* on Saturday published a full page of telegraphic crop reports from seventy-six correspondents in Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee and Texas. The cotton crop in most sections shows an improved condition except in portions of Louisiana and Texas, where complaint is made of too much rain and damage by worms.

—Owen Welsh, aged fifteen years, died at the Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, early Sunday morning, from injuries received in the railroad collision at May's Landing. Thomas J. McGrath, another victim of the accident, died the same morning at the Pennsylvania Hospital. These deaths make a total of twenty-five persons who lost their lives by the accident. Not one of those taken to the hospitals have recovered sufficiently to warrant their removal, and it is feared several of them will die.

—A special from Marietta, Ohio, to the Cincinnati *Gazette* says: The people of the town of Lowell, ten miles distant on the Muskingum river, were horrified to find on Saturday morning that the twin children of John Farley had been found drowned in a tub of water during the night. The father and mother were arrested. The children were only one month old. The parents are very poor, and Farley is given to drink. They both deny the crime, but Farley says he believes his wife drowned the babies. They have three other children.

—Great excitement prevails at Erie, owing to the appearance of a fatal disease which the physicians pronounce to be Asiatic cholera. William Howarth, a Philadelphia and Erie employee, was seized on Wednesday and died the next day in horrible agony. On Friday morning Mr. P. Finley, one of the most valued engineers on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, was attacked and died the same night. The appearance of the bodies before and after death is identical. There is a bluish color over the surface and all the other symptoms of Asiatic cholera are present.

—A Boston dispatch to the New York *Herald* of the 20th says: At the meeting of the Democratic Ward and City Committee this evening it was officially announced that General Butler would, on the 28th of this month, address a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall and declare his intention to support General Hancock for President. This is the first statement of his views that has been made, although it was understood that he would finally stand on the national Democratic platform. It is not known whether he will be a candidate for Governor, but if he does he will have the full support of all wings of the party.

—The Rico (Col.) *News* says there is an immense spring over on the West Dolores, about six miles from Rico, just across from the head of Horse Gulch and near the base of Calico Peak, that has an ebb and flow that is quite singular. The basin is about twenty-five feet in diameter and in the morning is always full of water, but in the evening it is perfectly dry and empty. The water is cold and apparently of good quality, and it leaks gradually but surely away during the day, when it is not replenished, effervescing violently all the time. The discovery was made by a prospector who passed it in the morning when full (the basin was full, we mean) and on returning at night it was empty. He watched it with the result stated. It is exciting considerable curiosity in that region.

—Joseph Farkner, a miner, who travelled through Schuylkill county, about eighty years ago, collecting old coppercoins, was murdered in the Mahoney Valley, then a wilderness, by a hunter named Bailey, who supposed the collector's treasure consisted of gold and silver. When Bailey found Fowlingher's collection was only copper he buried it in the ground. Bailey's crime was also covered and he was executed in Reading after making a full confession. A few days ago a number of boys while playing around the Lawtons' Colliery, near Mahonoy City, found the coins buried close to an old stump. There were seven hundred of the coins, the dates of which ranged from 1724 to 1778. Many of them were of the reigns of the four Georges of England and a number were early Vermont coins.

—Conductor Murphy, William Crane, brakeman, and George Cook, attempted, a few days ago, to run an empty car by gravity on the Green Bridge and Warren Railway from Four-mile station to Green, N. Y. The grade is very strong, being 120 feet to the mile, and shortly after the car started the brake broke. The movement was so rapid that the men dared not jump. After running a mile and a half at the rate of 75 miles an hour, the car jumped over a trestle, a distance of 20 feet, to the ground. Coming down the mountain, the men discovered their fate, and lay flat upon the bottom of the car. This, probably, saved their lives. Murphy was shockingly bruised; Crane had his spine wrenched and a compound fracture of the leg, and Cook suffered a dislocated hip and was badly bruised. The injured were all removed to Ocean, and the physicians think none have received fatal injuries.

—Near Honesdale, in Wayne county, Pa., lives Lewis Rockwell, one of the oldest men in Pennsylvania, having a few days ago celebrated his 103d birthday. The entire Rockwell family is remarkable for longevity of its members. The aggregate ages of the seven brothers and sisters of old Lewis is 697 years. Lewis Cornelius, whose dimensions were nearly as large as the celebrated Daniel Lambert, was a connection of the Rockwell family. He was a resident of Milford and proprietor of a hotel there. His dimensions were as follows: Height, 6 feet; circumference at waist, 6 feet 2½ inches; circumference below waist, 8 feet 2 inches; circumference of arm above elbow, 2 feet 2½ inches; below elbow, 1 foot 9 inches; at the wrist 1 foot 3 inches; of the thigh, 4 feet 5 inches; of the calf of the leg, 2 feet 7½ inches; of the neck, 2 feet 10½ inches; weight, without any clothes on, 545½ pounds.

—A most horrible discovery was made at Reading on Monday last by the Board of Poor Directors of Berks county, who found an insane man imprisoned in a hut in the Blue mountains. His habitation was made of rough pieces of logs. The name of the lunatic is Benjamin Sechler, aged fifty-five years, and a native of Germany. He has been claimed in the hut for twenty-seven years by his brother, who fed him. The lunatic in all that time was neither washed, clothed nor shaved. Under the hut was a pipe where the fire was kept in winter, the heat of which went up through the cracks in the floor. The lunatic was necessitated to beat the sides of the hut with his hands, mumbling, kicking and screaming. A rusty chain was attached to one of his legs. He made vallent resistance when removed. He was brought to Reading dressed in a petticoat. It is said that he became insane by bathing in a cold spring while in an overheated condition.

AN IMPORTANT CONVERT.—A Mount Pleasant (Westmoreland county) despatch to the Pittsburg *Post*, dated Aug. 19, says that the *Times and Mining Journal*, of that place, a former Republican paper, published in the interest of the mining community, and one of the most influential papers in the coke country, having a large circulation, announced itself that morning for Hancock and English and the whole Democratic ticket. The effect is demoralizing to the Republicans of that entire section, who are uttering curses deep and loud. The following are some of the reasons for that journal's change of base:

"After a careful and patient investigation of the records of both candidates, the conviction forced itself upon us that with his tarnished name, Gen. Garfield was the candidate of the politicl tricksters, rings and office-holders. On the other side, Hon. Hancock have nominated a man a soldier of the late rebellion, whose career both civil and military is without a stain; nay is even admitted by his bitterest party organs of the opposition to be unassailable. Yesterday the keeper of the house, Mrs. Hattie McKay, left in the morning with her children, and this morning Mr. Green, attracted by an unpleasant odor from the room, occupied by Mrs. Faulkner, entered the house and it opened into the room. There they found the body of the woman lying in a bed saturated with blood, rapidly decomposing and presenting unquestionable evidence of the operation which produced death. Through a description of the doctor given by the boarders Dr. Cream was arrested and was identified as the visiting physician, and in a drug store near by was found a note addressed to him by Mrs. McKay, saying: "The woman is dead and I have left the house."

MOTHERS, don't fail to have SIXES' DYSENTERY COMPOUND on hand, for the relief of your little baby when attacked with any Bowel Complaint. It contains no Morphine, nor Opium, yet its soothing effect will give the little sufferer so much relief that he will at once fall into a gentle sleep, and give his mother as well as every provoked bachelor in the house, an opportunity to rest.

—The house of Martin Weinrich, on the line between Dane and Columbia counties, in Wisconsin, was discovered on fire last Sunday night. The door being forced, the bodies of Weinrich and his wife, bearing fatal shot wounds, were found within. The couple had lived unhappily, and it is supposed Weinrich shot his wife and then committed suicide.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE admits both sexes. Endowment half a million.—Tuition *free*. Courses of study, Classical, Scientific, and Agricultural. A thorough Preparatory Department. Expenses $8 to $3 per week. For catalogue, address

JOSEPH SHORTLIDGE, A. M.,
[8-13.-12t.] Pres. State College, Pa.

SIXES' DYSENTERY COMPOUND has been recommended so highly for children and babies, but don't forget it, old bachelor, you had better have a bottle during the summer season for yourself.

A Romantic Story.

THE REUNION OF A FATHER AND DAUGHTER AFTER A SEPARATION OF TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

A reporter of the Pittsburg *Dispatch* having incidentally learned of the meeting of a father and daughter after a separation of twenty-three years, visited the Bracken House at Beaver Falls to learn the full particulars of the romantic occurrence. He inquired at that place for Prof. John Sims, a well known teacher of music, and the father above referred to. He was told that the Professor was absent, but that his daughter was stopping in the house. The lady's presence being requested, she soon presented herself in the reception room.

Mrs. James W. Bouk—such she said her name was—appeared to be a young lady of education and refinement, yet one who had seen trouble both physical and mental. In answer to the question whether she objected to the publication of a matter so romantic and interesting as a history of a part of her own and her relatives' lives would be, especially as a part of this history was closely connected with P

...bria Freeman.

...EBENSBURG, PA.,
...MORNING, - AUG. 27, 1880.

...AL AND PERSONAL.

FACTS, DEMOCRATS.—No ... in Pennsylvania unless he ... or county tax within two ... of such tax in 1878, and ... election, cannot vote this ... again. In order to ... this State, he must be as... ...ty days and his tax must ... thirty days before the elec... ...ds for assessing voters this ... of September, and this ... will be the 2nd of ... who are entitled to ... must be assessed on ... of September, and they ... days of their natural ... before the 2nd of ... ...ould see to his own ... of his own ... ...appreciation of the ... for voters to de... ...committees for their as... ...delivery of free tax re...

...and the Other Place.

...and his are soon parted—In ... ...ence of summer has evidently ... ...ny Brady was with us once ... ...ovember among politi... ...engagement. ... ...ent cars were badly demora... ...Kittanning Point on Tues... ...road from Cherrytree to ... ...the improvements talked ... ...ing the line is to keep the ... ...ability, which is best accom... ...Cherry River Pulp... ...Towne pretends to have ... ...the Democratic Journalistic Con... ...be held for two weeks yet. ...ood gentleman in this place ... ...a model card, though ... ...second to none in this ...

...the residence of Mrs. Mc... ...ing in the cellar of a ... ...ncing, before which ... ...ing. ... ...ing. And well he ... ...father, fat, fit and frol... ...daughter and mother are ...

...County of Blair county, has a ... ...growth which is still ... ...edible, and he don't carry it on ... ...either.

...ference at the Altoona de... ...the late Equal Rights League ... ...men in that city a meeting ... ...this week.

...of the blood, Ayer's Sarsa... ...is great. It wonderfully in... ...tion, and brings to old and ... ...ife and vigor.

...ia that the Superin... ...Transportation and Car Record ... ...passed from that city to ... ...future.

...Dr. Dill, of Indiana county, ...to be a savage bull the ... ...ing to the grounds was lying ... ...insensible to noises ... ...of respect to the memo... ...W. Oatman, adopted at ... ...the Dauntless Fire Com... ...for publication this ...

...Johnstown Tribune of Wednesday ... ...record of a robbery of the details ... ...and disfigurement ... ...this place has recently been af... ...

...Samuel Cunningham, of Black... ...instantly killed by lightning ... ...by a fence here life was de... ...he is now considered out of ...

...Dr. Pooley Powders are guaran... ...ejector of all diseases, if given ... ...will refuse to eat. Sure cure ... ...We have tried it, and advise ...

...Dougherty, a brakeman on the C. ... ...at Johnstown, was caught be... ...cars on Tuesday afternoon and ... ...thought not dangerous.

...Samuel Bendroof was in ... ...soliciting subscriptions for ... ...a new Dunker church in ... ...best with many friends and ...

...Gulf says that a little child ... ...Evodia, of that city, was killed fall ... ...Tuesday last. One of the ... ...and that it died from its in...

...committing friends the FREE... ...to those who never think of pay... ...—that is, they don't re... ...Hence the occasional ...

...Enterprise says there is a ... ...and county which is be... ...inasmuch as every fami... ...joked on it since the year 1700 ...financial ruin.

...the coolness of the night and ... ...of the atmosphere which has ... ...during the past week, ...minutes at our summer re... ...perceptibly decreased.

...as one of the warmest and to... ...of the coldest days of ... ...It came up in this region—a ... ...difference in the weather than ... ...the new painter's pocket.

...Mary Pa.—Count, of Cass township, ...from her bed about ... ...on Monday morning of last week ... ...nally stood and hanged herself. ... ...signed for the rash act.

...Johnson Fulton singing society ... ...of Laurelville, this county, on ... ...and it is needless to say that ... ...a good time. The name ... ...it would seem to imply.

...Murphy is said to be rusticating ... ...Murphy, and if we were Martha ... ...order from all the premises forth... ...and in a nice place, ain't it, for ... ...to be loafing around?

...Mr. Bull's cradle is the ... ...the world. Dr. Bull's Baby ... ...a sure and safe remedy for all complaints ... ...to, such as dysentery, ...complaint, wind colic, etc.

...A. Lemon is on the bills for a ... ...at West Chester this (Thurs... ...and we venture to say that the ... ...got through with very little ... ...the Colonel has a good deal ...

...arranging to the industrious ... ...are, as well as foolish, to have her ... ...from cholera or other diseases ... ...delivery of her druggist, HOOFLAND'S ... ...for 25 cents a package. ...

...Colonel Andrew Strittmatter, of ... ...ship, lost, so far as heard from, ...cattle as to beauty and bearing ... ...county. It is less than seven ... ...and Mr. S. has already been offer... ...them for it.

...Several barns were struck by lightning ... ...Clearfield county, during the se... ...terrific storm which passed over ... ...last Thursday afternoon, and ... ...Mr. Chalkbank were somewhat ... ...at the same time.

...One of the most frequent troubles of ... ...is heartburn or indigestion, dyspep... ...disorders, causing distressing ... ...ailments are promptly ... ...cured by the use of Dr. Bull's ... ...Price 25 cents.

...It is worthy the name, unless ... ...natural feeling for her little ones ... ...is in a battle of SYRUP OF TAR, ...Dysentery, Diarrhœa and Cholera ... ...Guaranteed to ... ...in a few minutes.

...Essay, of Johnstown, was 70 ... ...last, and the writer of ... ...not twenty one years younger than ... ...previous. Strange, or other... ...hundreds of two such good ... ...together.

...Democrat not to lose his vote at the ... ...John E. Seamon, Esq., has ... ...his mind to take possession of his ... ...not yet completed, on Monday ... ...emigrating from the East to the ... ...come to be registered.

...Hartman Smith has ... ...on his vines three inches long, ...he prides himself on the ... ...there is not a beer-guzzler in the ... ...can trot out "hop blossoms" that ... ...can say compare with them. Who ...

...The present Republican slate is not ... ...in the meantime, Charley Lamp... ...have the pleasure of leaving the ... ...with a vengeance next Novem... ...and Recorder Brown may ... ...prepare himself for a fatal attack of ...

...E. H. Barker, of this place, has with... ...from the field as an aspirant for Coun... ...honors on the Republican ticket in ... district and the chance is excellent, so far ... ...appears, for General Jacob M. ... ...to get another drubbing next No...

—It is sad but true that many children have filled untimely graves by the neglect of their mothers to have SIMMS' SYRUP of TAR, HOARHOUND and WILD CHERRY on hand. Every thoughtful mother has a bottle this season of the year for immediate use.

—Mr. Thomas Collins, of the world-renowned firm of Collins Brothers, railroad contractors, was on a visit to his old homestead in his two sisters in this place during the latter part of last week and the early part of this week. A welcome visitor at all times.

—P. A. Shoemaker, Esq., received a model letter on Friday last from Rev. Father Boyle, late pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, in response to the one recently written by him and enclosing a check for $100 as a testimonial from a number of members of his late congregation.

—A slated meeting of Town Council was held last Monday evening. Present—Hasson, Parrish, Gutwald, and Evans, and Humphreys, Burgess. A number of bills were taken up and passed; after which, no business of moment appearing, adjourned to meet again at the usual time.

—While some workmen were engaged the other day in raising a house in Altoona recently erected by Dr. Goodman, nearly all the scaffolding fell from the walls and ceilings, and had not the men been a Good-man the probabilities are that he would have indulged in some "cuss words."

—Mr. George W. Wooden, of Osceola, recently bought two horses of best Virginia or F. F. V. stock from Mr. L. P. Work, of Altoona, which he has paid that gentleman $450 and now the question to be decided is, haven't said animals been somewhat demoralized from Work horses into Wooden horses?

—We were greatly amused some days since by seeing one of our venerable citizens, who had been bowed down with rheumatism, throw away his crutches, and declare himself as young as he used to be, and now *he* is recommending the "Mountain" balm to every old lady in town. Great influence.

—From the Altoona *Tribune* we learn that the funeral of the late William Anderson, of East Freedom, which did not take place until Friday morning last, was the largest ever seen in Newry. A High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Father Ward, who, that paper says, delivered a very beautiful and appropriate discourse.

—A gentleman whose name is at present a secret was in Ebensburg Wednesday, asking, in his usual inquisitive way, whether or not there were any whiskey moonshiners in the northern end of this county. We did not learn the result of his investigations, but know he took passage in a northward direction as we last saw him.

—Mr. Frank Molloy, of Altoona, recently presented the Third Ward Hancock and English Club, of that city, with a handsome flag. Would that there was somebody in this vicinity to emulate this Mul-loyal example. What say the Democratic ladies of Ebensburg? Or are they the kind who never allow their patriotism to flag?

—The Devotion of the Forty Hours commences at the Church of the Holy Name this (Friday) morning, and will close on Sunday. The resident pastor, Rev. Father Reardon, will be assisted during the progress of the exercises by Rev. Fathers Boyle, of Gallitzin, Devin, of Summerhill, McHugh, of Wilmore, and perhaps other clergymen.

—Landlord Heist, of the Mountain House, raised this season a few bushels of potatoes of a variety new to this climate. It is called the Bartlett Seedling, and, by the Spring, sold at the rate of thirty-five dollars per bushel. This potato, planted in the same soil at the same time, matures here two weeks earlier than the celebrated Early Rose.

—The Mountain House at Cresson had about four hundred and fifty guests on Sunday last, all but about four hundred of whom "skipped out," if that's a proper expression, next day. The Alleghenies never had such a boom in the way of health and comfort seekers as it has experienced, and will experiencing during the present summer.

—Four of the public schools of Ebensburg will be taught during the term beginning next Monday week in what is known as the Union school building. The headquarters of the fifth and last school will be in a building up the alley from Hughes & Hughes' law office—one hundred and fifty feet from Main street, and in a most undesirable locality.

—"Your truly friend" is what an old subscriber signs himself on a postal card requesting us to stop his paper as soon as his time is up. Of course we don't doubt that the gentleman is our "truly friend," but if we had been consulted about the matter we think we could have suggested to him a much more agreeable method of manifesting his friendship.

—Much as we appreciate the motives of our friend "John" and coincide with him in his opinions, we can't see what good could be accomplished by publishing his communication at this time. Let him wait until his prognostications have been realized, if realized they are to be, which is more than we are prepared to believe, and then it will be time enough, in our judgment, for "John" to open his batteries.

—A barn on the Clearfield road, between Tyrone and Philipsburg, owned by Mr. John Friday, was struck by lightning on Thursday last and burned to the ground with all it contained, comprising hay, corn, cattle, grain, etc. The house was preserved, but there was none on the contents. In accordance with the eternal fitness of things, the lightning should have spared Mr. Friday's barn for one more day at least.

—A terrible rain and wind storm visited Huntingdon and Osceola on Thursday night of last week. At the latter place the large mill dam of the Moshannon Land and Lumber Company gave way, and the water flooded the streets and filled them with logs. Some stables and small buildings were carried away, and many bridges were destroyed. Travel on the Moshannon branch railroad was suspended for several days.

—An eight-year-old lad named Johnny Sheets accidentally shot and almost instantly killed his little sister, Ida, aged almost six years, at Pleasant Unity, near Latrobe, on Wednesday morning of last week. The sad tragedy was the result of leaving a loaded shot-gun within reach of a child too young to realize the danger of playing with fire. The entire charge entered the back of the poor little victim just below the shoulder.

—If there is any other Garfield Club in Cambria county outside of Johnstown than the one at Portage we have failed to notice any reference thereto in either of the local Republican papers; and it is well enough, perhaps, that there are no more, as the wiseheads of that party are already expending all their energies over the wonderful doings of a paltry club in roping in a so-called Democrat who never voted anything else than the Republican ticket.

—Rev. Henry Lemke, the venerable pioneer priest of the Carrolltown settlement, preached a sermon in the German language at the Catholic church in that place on Sunday last, being the second delivered by him during the present summer. The first sermon ever preached by this venerable clergyman was in Germany, his native land, on Easter Sunday, in April, 1818, he being then and for many years after a minister in the Lutheran Church.

—Uncle Sam, Navy, census enumerator for Prospect borough, received the princely sum of $22.70 for his labors, the trip to Ebensburg included, and probably don't feel any better now than if he had taken Navy census in his Mr. Al. Ward, who performed a similar but more elaborate duty in this borough and Cambria township, had the pleasure of acknowledging a check for $60.10, and was one of the first, if not the very first, in the county to get paid for his services.

—A Tyrone despatch says that five car loads of raftmen returning from the Susquehanna, whither they had gone on the recent flood, passed through that place on last Monday afternoon. They report this the heaviest drive of the year. One of their number, in a fight, was thrown from the train, while in motion near Lock Haven, but was not seriously hurt. A vote on the train was taken and resulted in 200 yelling out for Hancock, 97 for Garfield, 27 for Weaver and 1 for Dow.

—The picnic held at Newry, on Saturday last, for the benefit of the Catholic church in that place, is conceded by all who attended it to have been one of the best conducted and most enjoyable affairs of the kind ever got up in that county, and the fact that ten up in that county, and the fact that about $400 were cleared on the occasion is evidence sufficient that the picnic was well patronized by the friends of the cause from Altoona, Hollidaysburg, and other points, as well as by those immediately interested in its success.

—The Democratic and Greenback conventions of Huntingdon county met on Friday last, and nominated upon a local ticket, divided as follows: Democrats—Senator, H. J. McAteer; Assembly, W. H. Worner; Sheriff, T. J. Isenberg; Surveyor, Samuel Green. Greenbackers—Assembly, D. Etnier, Jr.; Associate Judge, Henry Wilson; Director of the Poor, Jones Brooks; Coroner, Dr. J. H. Patton. Worner was no direct action on H. Patton. Worner was no direct action on Mr. Coverman by the Greenback convention, but Hon. R. Milton Speer was nominated by the Democrats.

—This from the current issue of the Johnstown *Democrat*: The truthful *Tribune* says the appointment of an assistant chairman of the Democratic County Committee has given "unlimited dissatisfaction." As the chairman, W. H. McMullen, informs us that no one has yet been appointed, and that he has not yet thought of making any such appointment, it will be seen that the *Tribune's* announcement was a little premature, as it were. Any information the chairman has to give to the Democracy will be published in the Democratic papers, and not through the black-and-tan postoffice organ.

—Two children named Lockard were buried from the residence of their grandmother, in Altoona, on Monday last, both victims of scarlet fever, and notwithstanding the contagious nature of the malady and the further fact that another child in the same house is afflicted with the disease, while within a square is still another case, a public funeral was held and a sermon preached on the occasion. This, as the *Tribune* mildly puts it, is not as it should have been, and the sooner people begin to act sensibly in such an emergency the better it will be for themselves and the community at large.

—Mr. Norton, contractor for the stone trimmings of the new Court House, has at present eighteen stone-cutters, one tool sharpener and one stone splitter at work, his force having been largely increased of late by the arrival of a number of first class workmen from Philadelphia. We witnessed on Tuesday last the unsurpassable skill of one of his pioneer workmen, Mr. Alex. Brown, who in a very brief space of time converted a rough block into a beautiful keystone for a window arch. Mr. Chas. A. Latterner, of this place, went to work on Monday to learn the stone-cutter's art.

—A colored Bishop named Knox, formerly of Hollidaysburg, but now of Warren, Ohio, is or was the other day on a visit to his old home in Blair county, from whence he imbibed his return to Ohio to take the stump for Garfield and admirable an unlimited number of doses of Knox vomica to the Democratic party. Politics is a nice business for a Bishop or any other preacher of the Gospel to engage in. If it were possible, which, thank God! it is not, for some clergyman ever to get to do such things the outcry that would be produced all over the country would be somewhat akin to an exceedingly large sized earthquake.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* says that on Saturday last, seven miners at R. B. Westbrook's coal shaft, up the Benscreek, near Somman, narrowly escaped instant death. It appears they got into the bucket to descend the shaft for the purpose of going to work. The engineer being absent and the elevating machinery considerably out of order, the men descended the shaft sixty feet with fearful velocity. The bucket struck the bottom and rebounded several feet. Charles Collins was dangerously hurt; Wm. Sparks, Frank Luther and Christ George suffered considerably from the concussion, but the other three miners escaped unhurt.

—Last Saturday afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock, the dwelling-house of Mr. John G. Kaylor, in Munster township, was destroyed by fire. The information which has reached us in connection with the matter is that a spark from a defective flue communicated the fire to the roof and that the progress of the flames had become so far advanced before their discovery as to render all attempts to save the dwelling futile. The building itself was not a valuable one, viewed in the light of dollars and cents, but in it and along with it perished many heirlooms which are beyond replacement. We have heard the loss placed at three hundred dollars, on which is no insurance.

—Our friend and correspondent at Cherrytree, Mr. J. O. Creery, dropped in to see us on Tuesday morning while on his way back from Blairsville, whither he had gone to drive a raft down the river on a raft. Mr. C. informs us that all the logs ready for market left on the headwaters of the Susquehanna on the flood of last week, but that comparatively few of them got as far as Lock Haven, the others being now moored at different points along the river. The same gentleman also informs us that fifty-five rafts broke loose at ——— Island, about nine miles below Clearfield, during the terrible wind and rain storm on last Friday, and that many of them were grounded at various places below that point.

—The spirit of lawlessness is so rampant in Johnstown just now that a prominent citizen of that place assured us the other day that a feeling of insecurity pervaded the community to a greater extent at the present time than ever before. As evidence of this, the *Tribune* of Monday devotes a column and a half of its space to detailing the particulars of no less than nine serious breaches of the peace committed on last Saturday and Sunday nights, the most serious of which is the shooting of a man named John Craig, who resides near Millcreek, and who was set upon by seven young rowdies and knocked down by a handy-billy and so badly pelted with stones that his condition is said to be far from promising.

—Lyman S. Potter, the wheelbarrow idiot who started with another of the same ilk, named Federmeyer, in a race from San Francisco to New York, may be expected this way at almost any moment. At least we judge so from the fact that he passed through Greensburg on Wednesday evening of last week, trundling his barrow, but seemingly in no hurry to reach his destination. He appeared to be more than fourteen months ahead of him, having made his appearance here on the 23d of June, 1879. Lyman, whose name is probably no evidence of a lack of veracity, says that Federmeyer did considerable riding on railroad trains, while he himself Potter-ed along on foot the entire distance.

—W. K. Rodgers, Esq., Private Secretary to the so called President of the United States, paid a brief visit to Ebensburg on Monday last, accompanied by one of his sons, with whom he started overland about 5 o'clock in the evening for Cresson, where he has been sojourning for a week past with four of his children. While here he made himself known to no one, and we venture to say that there is not a Republican in town, and probably not more than two or three Democrats, to whom this item will not be the first intimation received of Mr. Rodgers' presence amongst us. Nevertheless his name can be found on the Mountain House register, and the fact can be verified that he bought a straw hat while here and started on foot with his "stove pipe" in hand.

—The temporary shed put up to protect the brick now being made for the new Court House, preparatory do the burning of the same, blew down during the Sabbath wind and rain storm of Thursday evening last, destroying about fifty thousand of the sun dried blocks. Next morning while the employes were at work replacing the roof a heavy piece of timber used to hold the upright props together fell from its place and came very near crushing our young friend Harry E. Fenlon, who turned to escape when he saw his danger and was struck on the ankle while his foot was thrown out behind in the act of running, receiving very painful though not serious injuries, which same kept him from his work for several days and even yet he is obliged to go to and from his labors on a pair of crutches.

—Colonnade Row is one of the best known localities in Ebensburg borough. The Row is composed of four offices. At one time the powerful *Mountaineer* newspaper, edited successively by P. S. Noon, Esq., deceased; J. C. Noon, Esq., deceased; John Lloyd, and others, was printed in No. 2. These four offices are now tenanted by No. 1, Hon. John Fenlon, Representative in the Legislature from this county; No. 2, H. Kinkead, Esq., for many years past a Justice of the Peace, and formerly Associate Judge; No. 3, the vacant office of the lamented Geo. W. Oatman, Esq., and No. 4, wherein Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., our present Attorney, holds forth. This is introductory to saying that it is in contemplation to throw over the entire length and breadth of this Colonnade Row a full section of new roofing within the next ten days. Onward goes the march of improvement.

—We had a visit on Wednesday from Mr. Charles Cooney, of Munster township, the gentleman whose house was burned down on Sunday morning of last week, and whose eight-year old daughter perished in the flames. Mr. Cooney came to ask a correction of that part of the story relating to the $1,200 alleged to have been in the house at the time of the fire, and which, as the story had it, he was fortunate enough to save from the burning. He says that all the money he possessed did not exceed $300, that very little of that was in the house on the occasion referred to, and that he would esteem it nothing more than a simple act of justice to him for the paper which circulated the report then to publish the truth about the matter now. We cheerfully comply with Mr. Cooney's request and hope that all our exchanges which gave currency to the false report will avail themselves of the first opportunity to correct it.

—Tom Swank, of the Johnstown *Tribune* was in Ebensburg on Saturday evening and all day Sunday, and while here he and Cham. Roberts, Harry Kinkead, Florie Barker and Lem. Davis sat on the political eggs and hatched out a county ticket which needs only a little artificial incubation on part of the coming Republican convention and the Congressional and Senatorial conferences to make it a full-fledged ticket. How it looks to the eldelons: Congressman, Gen. J. M. Campbell, of Johnstown; Senator, C. T. Roberts, of Ebensburg; Legislature, S. A. Criste, of Gallitzin, and possibly Jacob Trefts, of Johnstown; Prothonotary, J. C. Gates, of White; Register and Recorder, John H. Brown, of Conemaugh borough; District Attorney, E. G. Kerr, of Ebensburg; P. H. Dwyer, John T. Hughes, of Cambria township; Coroner, Irwin Rutledge, of Johnstown; Surveyor, Wm. T. McConnell, of Croyle. It is understood that the county convention, which is to meet here on Monday next, will have nothing to do but stitch together the work cut out by the big bosses on Saturday night or Sunday last.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Michigan, will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay. [3-12.-9%6m.]

PRINCE GALLITZIN.—*Tribute of a Methodist Bishop to a Catholic Missionary.*—Rt. Rev. H. W. Warren, one of the recently ordained Bishops of the Methodist Church, wrote from Cresson a few days ago to *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, as follows:

Passing here a day on the top of the Alleghenies, in my long flight toward the ever-receding West, I glance around on the sloping side of the pass and there backward over the way I have come, down the rugged sides of the mountain into the beautiful, Eden-like valleys of Pennsylvania, linger long over the delightful city of brotherly love, also over the goodly city of Brooklyn, but my heart and eye rest on the State where I passed my earlier years and where I heard God's voice saying unto me, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's home unto a land that I will show thee." The land is wide and fair, but the learners of faith must be wanderers and not proprietors therein. Let me tell what I see just about me, for if I tell what I see where the eye and heart rest, my Wedding Guest that ate not to hear me through would miss the festivities. I glance up the northern slope of the pass at one of the finest examples of the power of personal influence, and the permanence of human deeds, that this country affords. I see miles of finely cultivated farms reaching to the very top of the Alleghenies.

WHY THIS RISEN IN THE WILDERNESS?

Why this beauty amid hard conditions? It must be the work of religion, for any less exalted purpose would have sought the smiling valleys below, or the rich soil of the prairies. Religion and the solitary places are good for holy men alone.—Anybody can settle in easy places. Our planet has been touched once by the finger of heaven, and the learners of faith must be wanderers and not proprietors therein. Let me tell what I see just about me, for if I tell what I see where the eye and heart rest, my Wedding Guest that ate not to hear me through would miss the festivities. I glance up the northern slope of the pass at one of the finest examples of the power of personal influence, and the permanence of human deeds, that this country affords. I see miles of finely cultivated farms reaching to the very top of the Alleghenies.

SINKING THE WESTERN HORNS

she taught him, as the evening of life came on, till when it was dark, he sank into that slumber from which the dawn of eternal day awoke him. As a result of his life, this whole country is prominent in all that is moral, social, educational and political aspects it bears to-day the stamp he put upon it. For years to come the same industrious, hardy, intelligent people will be found in the solitary places are good for holy men alone.—Anybody can settle in easy places. Our planet has been touched once by the finger of heaven, and the learners of faith must be wanderers and not proprietors therein. Let me tell what I see just about me, for if I tell what I see where the eye and heart rest, my Wedding Guest that ate not to hear me through would miss the festivities. I glance up the northern slope of the pass at one of the finest examples of the power of personal influence, and the permanence of human deeds, that this country affords. I see miles of finely cultivated farms reaching to the very top of the Alleghenies.

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[A mistake. Father Badin was the first; ordained 1793, at Baltimore, by Bishop Carroll.—*Ed. Catholic Universe.*]

DEMOCRATIC CLUB MEETING.—The Hancock and English Club assembled at their room, over Lloyd's store, on Friday evening last, President Creery being in the chair.

Secretary Williamson failing to appear at the opening of the meeting, company drill demanding the presence of military headquarters, D. W. Beck was, on motion, selected as temporary Secretary.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and adopted, H. A. McPike read for the amusement of the club an article from the Chicago *Tribune* entitled "Who is the boy?" which purported to be an incident in the early life of General Garfield, and the reading of which created no little merriment.

President Creery, not wishing to assume the responsibility imposed upon him at a previous meeting of selecting badges for the club, presented two sample badges for the inspection of those present, the prices being 25 and 30 cents respectively, and asked for a decision thereon.

On motion, the higher priced badges were adopted.

C. F. O'Donnell moved, and the motion was seconded, that the club present a handsome banner, to cost not less than fifty dollars, to be distrbied in the county giving the largest increased Democratic vote at the next election as compared with the vote of 1876.

Considerable discussion followed the introduction of this motion and several amendments were suggested, but further consideration of the subject was finally postponed until a future meeting of the club, Mr. O'Donnell having meantime avowed his willingness to pay for the necessary material if R. L. Johnston, Esq., who had suggested that some of the Hancock ladies of Ebensburg should be enlisted in the cause, would guarantee the making of the flag.

On motion, the chair appointed Messrs. C. F. O'Donnell, John Fenlon and Wm. Kennedy a committee to look after the ward and ward over the several districts in the county for the purpose of ascertaining after the coming election which one of them is entitled to the honor of being made the recipient of said banner.

On motion of C. F. O'Donnell, Mr. ——— Donahoe, of Philadelphia, was admitted by acclamation as an honorary member of the club, for which courtesy he returned thanks and spoke of the great enthusiasm which prevails among the Democrats in the eastern part of the State, declaring among other things that "the people fairly shout at the mere mention of Hancock's name."

On motion nothing the regular weekly meetings of the club was changed from Saturday to Friday evening.

After the names of several new members had been added to the roll, the club, on motion, adjourned until Friday evening, Aug. 27th, at 7½ o'clock.

M. E. B. CREERY, President.

A. W. BUCK, Secretary *pro tem.*

—An enjoyable game of base ball was played here last Saturday afternoon between a Gallitzin nine and a home nine. Some parts of the play on either side was splendid, while the battery work of Fletcher; Rodgers, as pitcher; Lyte, as first base, and Kittell, as centre field, on the part of the Ebensburg nine; and Burns, as catcher; Platt, as short-stop, and Smith as pitcher, and his brother as first base. The score at the end of nine innings stood Ebensburg, 29; Gallitzin, 11. Another game will be played at Gallitzin on a day hereafter to be named, which, the weather permitting and other things working satisfactorily, will probably be marked down for Saturday of next week. Meanwhile—that is to say, to-morrow—our nine propose going to Loretto to measure bats with the College nine of that place. It may be a little early in the day, but we claim for our boys the championship of Cambria and Blair counties.

—James Bradley, a young man who attempted to end his earthly career a couple of years ago by putting a bullet into his body, has turned up once more in Johnstown as a confidence operator, his game this time being the borrowing of a rifle from a gunsmith named Hummel, to whom he promised to pay the sum of thirty dollars for the weapon in case it suited him, and then trying to sell the gun to several parties for eight dollars, and finally succeeding in inducing Mr. C. B. Ellis to loan him fifteen dollars and accept the rifle as security. After all this became known Mr. Hummel brought suit against Bradley for larceny by bailee and demanded the return of his property from Mr. Ellis, but as the former meantime skipped out for his home in Loretto and the latter refused to disgorge, the original owner of the rifle is the only one up to present writing (Tuesday morning) who don't seem to be content with the situation.

LOCAL AND POLITICAL.

PORTAGE, Pa., Aug. 24, 1880.

DEAR FREEMAN—Our town is steadily improving. A number of new buildings are in "process of erection." Messrs. Martin & Co. are preparing for rapid work on their branch road, which is to extend from this point some two miles up Trout Run. About one mile of this road was graded last winter, but on account of the unprecedented advance in the price of iron the firm interested concluded to suspend operations until the price would come down. The necessary iron is now on the ground, and the road will be pushed to an early completion. The gentlemen named have one of the finest coal fields in the country, the coal being of excellent quality and the territory comprising thousands of acres.

R. B. Westbrook, Esq., has sunk a shaft near Somman and proposes to embark extensively in the coal trade. He is also preparing the requisite material, I understand, for the erection of a number of new dwelling houses, at or near that point, for the accommodation of miners and their families.

At "Jamestown," one mile east of this place, on the line of the old Portage railroad, a number of new dwellings are going up. Mr. Morris George has just completed a well arranged store-room, which he has filled with dry goods, groceries, etc., and is also building a fine dwelling house for himself. Mr. Hays—not His Fraudulency, but Mr. Wm. Hayes—has to-day and done likewise in the dwelling house at the same place. Mr. H., in addition to being a first class blacksmith, is one of the best stump-orators in the county, the only drawback being that he is for Garfield.

Politics are booming in this locality. A Hancock and English Club has been organized, with P. Hosford, Esq., as President; Messrs. T. J. Brawley and J. S. Kiel as Vice Presidents, and James Dell and Louis Belter as Secretaries. There are over fifty members already on the roll, the list of which meets every Saturday evening, is making things lively for the De Golyorites.

A Garfield and Arthur Club was formed at Somman some time ago, officered as follows: President, T. Jefferson Parrish, Esq.; Vice Presidents, W. B. Patrick and Joseph Burgoon, Esqs.; Secretaries, S. B. Simpson, N. B. Westbrook and D. H. Rankin, Esqs. This latter club seems to have resolved itself into a kind of a traveling messagerie, as it holds its subsequent meetings at Westbrook's store. It favored our town with one of its intimable exhibitions a few weeks ago. On the morning of the day set apart for the exhibition the bulletin board appeared with a call for a grand mass meeting in conjunction with the club, and also the announcement that the multitude would be addressed by those two distinguished orators and statesmen, Cyrus Elder, Esq., and Capt. H. H. Kuhn. The meeting was to open at Hopfer's Hall at 7½ o'clock p. m., and so it did. The hour named on the bills brought the meeting and likewise the "visiting statesmen" and a reporter for the *Tribune*. The show wasn't big. Brown says that by actual count there were just 25 Republicans present, and 17 small boys. Little Cyrus opened the ball in his usual meek and dove-like style. He proclaimed that he had at one time been a Democrat, just at the time he cast his first vote, you know; that was in Philadelphia, since which time and place he hadn't been a Democrat—not any since he came to Johnstown; that he was in favor of Know Nothing; that he thought there ought to be some to—fill. He liked the working man, you! he loved him. Wasn't much on wages himself, but thought a little to—fill would be healthy. Cyrus then subsided, and the "Superb Capting" mounted the "rostrum," and in genuine Nestor style unfurled the bloody shirt—all tied nice. He told how very unrepentant those pesky rebels were away down South—how they didn't let all the Republicans vote, etc. About this time a little boy on the outside hallood, "Hurrah for Ha-ad-cock!" whereat the gallant Captain grew red hot and shouted, "That's the way they do it down South; they break up every Republican meeting that can be raised and scraped together." But I will not follow the Navy any further, as I suppose "Wife," has told it all in the *Tribune*.

I notice that the Republican press of this and adjoining counties have favored, with considerable gusto, the story about "Philip Hopfer, Esq., of Portage, a lifelong Democrat," having recently dropped into the Republican fold. Mr. Hopfer has resided in this place for the last eight or ten years, and during "all these years" he has been a *loud* Republican, an unrepentant Republican—in fact his sentiments have been so invincible ignorance so far as Democratic truth was concerned, until of late, it seems, that some symptoms of remorse have been manifested by themselves, and it is expected, at least by some of his friends, that if he continues to attend the meetings of the Hancock club here, he will, in the course of a month or so, be solid for the Democratic candidates—Hancock and English; at least we hope so. Dot vos a 'cil from a flop!

Yours, truly, J. B.

BELSANO, Blacklick Twp., Aug. 24, 1880.

DEAR FREEMAN—A severe wind and rain storm passed over this section on Thursday evening last about 8 o'clock, doing considerable damage. Mr. Simon Adams' barn was blown down, and Messrs. Nipps, jr., were caught out in it, and say that they were compelled to tarry in a lane with their teams while the storm lasted, the wind scattering fence and rails around in such a promiscuous manner that they couldn't pull through. A number of orchards were almost stripped of fruit and several apple trees blown down. A large locust tree in front of Mr. Mich't Downing's residence was blown across his store porch, a door was torn from Mr. J. S. Mantle's large bank barn, and many of the fences on that gentleman's farm as well as on those of Messrs. Sam'l Reed and John Nipp, jr., were scattered to the four winds.

Log rolling is the order of the day in this vicinity just now, there being as many as five in a week, the amount of land cleared averaging from two to three acres per day. If the farmers keep on clearing land at this rate Blacklick township will at no distant day become one of the leading farming communities in the county. W. A. G.

IRON CITY COLLEGE.—But few persons, comparatively, are aware of the facilities afforded by this institution for preparing young men for active business life. We presume there is not another institution in the United States that offers equal inducements in the way of acquiring a thorough practical business education. The principal, Prof. J. C. Smith, is one of the most thorough and best known educators in the country, and his assistants are all well qualified and thoroughly trained teachers. The college rooms surpass in neatness and elegance anything we have ever seen in the way of school accommodations.—*Pittsburgh Daily Post*, 17th.

Having known this institution for years, we would advise parents who have sons to educate, or young men desirous of preparing themselves for business, to call on or write to Prof. Smith, for circulars containing full information.

THE baby elephant, born in Philadelphia, in Cooper & Bailey's menagerie buildings, on the 10th of last March, is part and parcel of the Great London Circus which is to exhibit in Johnstown on Wednesday, Sept. 8th, and at Altoona the day following, and to which reduced rates tickets will no doubt be sold from this and other points. The baby elephant in question is conceded to be the greatest curiosity in natural history seen in over two thousand years. It nurses with its mouth, instead of the trunk, despite the theories of ancient writers and travelers. The public are invited to call and see the baby elephant, and the ladies and children linger about it hour after hour, powerless to tear themselves from the scene. The little one is an exact miniature copy of its mother and father, and both accompany it in its travels. It is presented with all the balance of the countless attractions, arenic and zoological, which make up this great show.

Oh, skirt! beautiful skirt!
Jerked through the dust and dragged through the dirt!
Once you were white
As the mantle of snow,
As the roses of the fly
When spring sophyrs blow.

Stiff to the touch and fair to the eye,
Neat to the gaze of each passer-by;
Now tattered and spattered—
Oh! piteous woe!
Beautiful skirt,
They made you too long.

To be sung to slow music. After which, all hands are invited to join hands and pay a visit to Godfrey Wolff's palatial wholesale and retail clothing establishment, next door to the postoffice, Altoona. If you can find a mate to it goods, or better prices, charge it to us. The sale of the celebrated Rochester clothing is a specialty. Mr. Wolff desires us to say that his prices for this summer and fall suits is extremely liberal and orders are solicited.

Never tell the girl you love her
Till you think her eyes be wilful;
Never tell a man he's honest,
When you think he is a villain;
Never think you are in fantasy
That your wife will live forever:
Never use that old expression,
Weak and weary: "Hardly ever."

The weather being warm, and all the several elementals of the Dog Star seeming to be raging, what is to be done? We give this answer, and declare "Hardly ever!" to not be attached thereto, Simon & Bro., Union, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, sell ready-made clothing at as fair prices as can be discovered elsewhere in this or any other State. If you call on them, or if you send them an order, you will receive the fullest of satisfaction. Mark it!

Sun shocked him under the chin, and then
I saw him seize her hands;
The light from her diamond ring it flashed,
Like a star on holy sands.
I heard him whisper of love and truth,
But she turned away her head,
And told the beautiful, smiling youth
She'd rather have cream instead.

And after the cream had been bought and paid for, then the girl turned round and jilted him. She said: "I know from the out-set your choice was good, and that you didn't patronize Jos. J. Murphy, 100 Clinton street, Johnstown, who sells the neatest, most tidiest and cheapest suit of masculine attire to be found in the market." Special attention is directed to the card contained in this item, which is that if you patronize anybody else than Murphy, you fool yourself.

ARE you in earnest? Seize this very minute,
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

The very best completion of any possible work that can be undertaken, so far as we can bring to mind, is to go to S. Bumcontrary, 1109 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, where you want to buy boots or shoes for either men or women, boys or girls, or children of tender years. He deals in first-class goods, buys and sells for cash, and what he says he is guaranteed to give satisfaction. "Are you in earnest?" If you are, you will follow the advice indicated above.

SINES' DYS

ROOFED COUNTRY ROADS.

To a large extent in the South and Southwest the highways are of two distinct sorts—in local parlance, turnpikes and mud roads.

The former title covers the main State roads, often constructed with great care and cost, and usually macadamized. The latter includes the great majority of country roads; and for nine months or more every year the name is exactly descriptive of their character. They are emphatically mud roads, and the mud deep and tenacious.

Plank roads are not unfrequently tried where lumber is cheap; but they rest under the disadvantage of being expensive, and they are neither durable nor easily kept in repair. Accordingly mud roads predominate and communities possessing them are little given to social or commercial intercourse with their neighbors, save during the brief periods when the mud is dry and the wheeling passibly good.

An exception to this rule appears in Bosier parish, Louisiana, where an attempt has been made to keep an important earth road dry and usable by the novel device of roofing it so as to keep off the rain. The first stretch of covered road on this plan runs from Red Chute bridge, Louisiana, four miles across Red river bottom, near Shreveport, and, as is the usual fate of new ideas, it roused no little ridicule. Judge Watkins was not a man to be laughed down. Obtaining a State charter for his enterprise, he began to build the road. His opponents complained that he was obstructing the parish road, and attempted to stop the work; but ample and lawful room having been given for the parish road, their opposition came to nothing. It is now four years since the work was begun, and Mr. John S. Williams, of Shreveport, who has been connected with the enterprise from the beginning, informs me that the road is a complete success. At the time of his writing, while the uncovered roads were axle deep in some places with stiff mud, the shed road was firm and dry.

In building the road, the bed, eighteen feet wide, was thrown up just enough to keep out the surface water; and over it was put a roof of plank five-eighths inch thick, the planks being twelve inches wide and twenty feet long. Cypress from the neighboring swamp is used for posts, and roughly sawed timber for framework. By means of an ingenious platform mounted on a common two-horse wagon and supporting a light framework, four men easily put up twenty sections, or twenty feet each, a day.

The cost of the road was about $3,500 a mile, with lumber at $1 a hundred feet, labor $1 a day, posts twelve and a half cents each, earthwork twenty cents a cubic yard, and nails five cents a pound. The advantage of the road arise from its cheapness, as compared with any other style of road possible there, its durability and its unvarying serviceableness. The native clay soil, when kept dry, makes a better road than either wood or stone, and the road is easily kept in repair. The wagons do not touch the woodwork, and the roof will last five times as long as planks laid upon the damp earth. Though the sides are not inclosed the rain does not drive in enough to make the roads muddy, much less wash it. In short the practical test of the road, on the score of cheapness and efficiency, has been so satisfactory that the ridicule and opposition at first awakened have been overcome, and other roads on the same plan are about to be constructed.—*Scientific American.*

THE SPIDER.—The spider has never been at school a day in his life, he has never learned a trade or read a book, yet he can make the straightest lines, most perfect circles, and beautiful little bridges; and many of his family can spin and weave, some of them can hunt and swim and dive and do mason work almost as well as if they had a trowel and mortar. There is a spider in my garden that makes so many lines and circles you'd think it had been all thro' geometry. It makes circles, every one a little larger than the other, about twelve of them, and then from the smallest circle begins and makes about twenty-eight straight lines going to the outside circle, like the whalebones in an umbrella. It makes this web so perfect and regular that it is called the geometric spider. You'll see late in summer clusters of its eggs on bushes and hedges. When hatched the spiders all keep together in a little ball. You touch this ball and the little spiders will scatter in all directions, but as soon as they can they'll get together again, as before. I left my silk dress last night hanging over a chair near the wall, and this morning I found that Mrs. Spider had been there in the night and made a beautiful bridge of spider silk between my dress and the wall. The spider that made this bridge for me has eight eyes. It can't move any of these eyes; each eye has but one lens, and can only see what is just in front of it. It had a pair of sharp claws in the forepart of its head; with these little pincers it catches other small spiders. When the spider is at rest, it folds these little claws one over the other like the parts of scissors. This spider has eight feet; most insects, you know, have six. At the end of each foot is a movable hook. It has five little spinners or spinnerets, with which it makes its web. Each of these spinners has an opening which it can make large or small as it likes.—There is a tube like a little ball communicating into each of these openings. In this tube are four little reservoirs, which hold the "gluey substance of which the thread is spun." As soon as this liquid comes to the air it becomes a tough and strong thread. I suppose the air acts upon it in the same way.—*Growing World.*

VALUE OF INSECTS.—Who thinks of it? And yet in the economy of nature of what immense importance they are in all seasons, every naturalist knows, while in commerce the amount derived from them is astounding. We have no figures to produce in regard to our own trade, for our statistics do not reach that high state of perfection which will admit of it, but Great Britain pays annually $1,000,000 for the dried carcasses of that tiny insect called the cochineal; while another, also peculiar to India, gum shellac, or rather its production, is scarcely less valuable.

More than 1,500,000 human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufactures of the fibers spun by the silk worm, of which the annual circulating medium is said to be $300,000,000. In England alone, to say nothing of the other parts of Europe, $500,000 are spent every year for the purchase of foreign honey, while the value of that which is native is not mentioned; and all this is the work of the bee; but this makes no mention of the 10,000 pounds of wax imported every year.

Besides all this, there are the gall-nuts, used for dyeing and making ink; the cantharides or Spanish fly, used in medicine. In fact, every insect is contributing, directly or indirectly, in swelling the amount of our commercial profits. Even those which in some cases prove a plauge and become destructive, have their place in the order of nature and prevent worse.

TO CURE A FELON.—Take out a portion of the inside of a lemon, and thrust the finger into it. Or take the skin of the inside of a fresh egg, bind it on with the moisture of the white of the egg next to the finger, and it will draw the small globule that causes the sore to the surface. As it dries make new applications.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ For sale by GEO. A. KELLY & Co., General Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Dr. WM. LEMMON, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-2'80-1y.]

KIDNEY-WORT
THE ONLY MEDICINE
That Acts at the Same Time on
THE LIVER,
THE BOWELS,
and the KIDNEYS.
These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be secured. If not, the poisonous, disgusting, dreadful diseases are sure to follow with
TERRIBLE SUFFERING.
Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Sediment in the Urine, Milky or Ropy Urine; or Rheumatic Pains and Aches,
are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should have been expelled naturally.
KIDNEY-WORT
will restore the kidneys to perfect health and vigor, and you will be healthy. Don't delay. Kidney-Wort will add one year to the lives of many, and health will come more quickly than by any other remedy.
Why suffer longer from the torments of an aching back?
Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?
Why be so fearful because of disordered urine?
Kidney-Wort will cure you. Try a package at once and be satisfied.
Thousands have used it and are daily adding their testimonial.
One Package makes six quarts of Medicine.
Dry Compound, or Liquid, of equal strength.
Your Druggist has it, or will get it for you. Insist upon having it. Price, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
Burlington, Vt.

SELLERS'
COUGH
SYRUP!

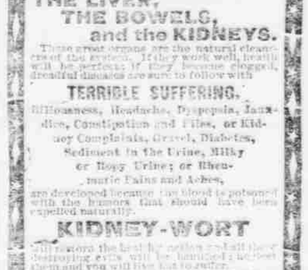
40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
October 24, 1879.-1y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED



STOMACH
BITTERS
Defensive Medication

Is a preparation which should never be neglected when danger is present, and therefore a course of the Bitters at this season is particularly desirable, especially for the feeble and sickly. As a remedy for biliousness, dyspepsia, nervousness, and bowel complaints, there is nothing comparable to this wholesome restorative.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NERVOUS DEBILITY
GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
TRADE MARK The Great Eng- TRADE MARK

BEFORE TAKING. AFTER TAKING.
Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. ☞ The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
The Gray Medicine Co.,
Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.
☞ SOLD BY BRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-2f, '78.-1f.]

WARNER'S
SAFE
REMEDIES
Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.
(Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure.)
A vegetable preparation and the **only sure remedy** in the world for **Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.**
☞ Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.
☞ For the cure of **Diabetes,** call for **Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.**
☞ For the cure of **Bright's** and the other diseases, call for **Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.**
WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.
It is the best **Blood Purifier,** and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and in this a benefit in all diseases.
It cures **Scrofulous** and other **Skin Eruptions** and Diseases, including **Cancers, Ulcers,** and other **Sores.**
Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the **Safe Bitters.** It is unequaled as an appetizer and regular tonic.
Bottles of two sizes; prices, **50c.** and **$1.00.**
WARNER'S SAFE NERVINE
Quickly gives **Rest** and **Sleep** to the suffering, cures **Headache** and **Neuralgia,** prevents **Epileptic Fits,** and relieves **Nervous Prostration** brought on by excessive drink, overwork, mental shocks, and other causes.
Powerful as it is to stop pain and soothe disturbed **Nerves,** it never injures the system, whether taken in small or large doses.
Bottles of two sizes; prices, **50c.** and **$1.00.**
WARNER'S SAFE PILLS
Are an Immediate and active stimulus for a Torpid Liver, and cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and should be used whenever the bowels do not operate freely and regularly. No other Pill requires such a trial. Will **cure** for thorough work. Price 25 cts. a box. Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. Warner & Co.,
Proprietors.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Circulars for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevents CHICKEN CHOLERA. Your cow is certain to yield 25 PER CENT. MORE AND BETTER MILK AND BUTTER. STOCK FATTENS ON ONE-FOURTH LESS FEED!

Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I subjoin a few:

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it a marvellous thing.—GEORGE BOSH, Germantown, Pa.

I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. THE COW GAVE NEARLY TWICE THE QUANTITY OF MILK she did before. My chickens were dying, but were cured IMMEDIATELY after I had used the powder.
Yours, truly, JONAS PASCOE, Dallas, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it on poultry for nasty coughing, with SUCCESS IN EVERY CASE.—JOS. WEAVER, Berrysville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, and have not had one die since, instead of chicken sized.—Mrs. WM. KNAUF, Orangeville, N. Y.

Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter cured THE CHICKEN CHOLERA. I gave some of it to a neighbor and it cured his chickens.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spring Valley, Ohio.

Address, for a pamphlet, F. A. MILLER, 321 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink,)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER RITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.
The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask druggist.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Send for circular. Send for pamphlet.
Above sold by druggists, Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N.Y.

MAKE YOUR
OWN BEER!
BY using a 25 cent package of ASCHENBACH & MILLER'S Preparation, which will give you *five gallons* of

AROMATIC BIRCH BEER!

Composed of roots and herbs that are specially healthful, giving tone and vigor to the system. It is nutritious, an excellent preventive of Summer Complaints, a Tonic, and a Blood Purifier. It is cooling and refreshing without being stimulating. *Endorsed by Physicians and Druggists as a Specific.*
I have tried Aschenbach & Miller's Birch Beer, and consider it superior to any article of the kind I ever tried.—JAMES BOSWORTH, Ceylon Spice Mills, 147 N. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Having tried Aschenbach & Miller's Birch Beer, I regard it as an excellent Summer Drink. My neighbors think likewise. Success to it. G. W. SCHELL, Pub. *Telegraph*, Millinburg, Union Co., Pa.
If your druggist does not keep it, or you happen to live in the country, you can have a package forwarded to you by sending 25 cents to Aschenbach & Miller, proprietors, 54 & Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
June 25, 1880.-1y.

DENTAL NOTICE.—DR. M. R. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, Ebensburg, Pa., respectfully informs all persons interested that he will visit Loretto professionally on the first Monday of each month; Chest Springs on the day following; Tuesday; Carrolltown on the second Monday of each month, and Wilmore on the fourth Monday of each month.
☞ All persons needing dental work will do well to give me a call, as I am prepared to furnish full or partial sets of teeth and perform all other operations pertaining to my profession in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.
[5-21,'80.-1f.] M. R. B. CREERY, D. D. S.

Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE.
For the cure of skin diseases of all descriptions it is without a rival. Having long been in the market and thoroughly tested by the medical profession and the public, it is needless to enter into details about its virtues. Price, 25 cents a cake, or three cakes for 60 cents. For sale by druggists and country storekeepers. ASCHENBACH & MILLER, Proprietors, Third and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

Persian INSECT POWDER
(Aschenbach & Miller's.)
Roaches, ants, lice, moths, garden worms, etc., fall victims to its deadly effects immediately upon coming in contact with it. It is truly the genuine Persian, the flowers being imported direct, from the ground and prepared at our laboratory under our own supervision, so that we can guarantee its absolute freedom from adulteration. Druggists and country storekeepers sell it. Wholesale Depot, N. W. Corner 3d and Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia.
July 9, 1880.-1y.

Dr. JONES' TARAXCANUM TONIC
or DANDELION MEDICINE, a vegetable compound whose virtues has stood the test of 40 years, is infallible in the cure of Dyspepsia, General Debility, Chronic Weakness of Lungs, Spleen and Kidneys, Short Breath, Heartburn, St. Vitus' Dance, pains in the Stomach, Back and Chest, particularly adapted to all Female Diseases, no matter what the age of the patient may be. Price, 75cts. Sold by Druggists. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19,-1f.]

JOHN MURPHY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Ebensburg, Pa.,
Office in building recently occupied by Dr. A. M. Keim, on High street, west of Julian, and nearly opposite the Blair House. Night calls should be made at the office. [3-20, '80.-1f.]

M. F. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
☞ Office on 18th Street, between 10th and 11th Avenues.

ABOUT LIGHTNING.

What is the cause of lightning?

Lightning is the result of electrical discharges from the clouds.

What is thunder?

Thunder is the noise which succeds the rush of the electrical fluid through the air.

When does lightning occur?

When clouds, charged with the opposite electricities approach, the forces rush to each other, and combine in a state of equilibrium.

Why does lightning attend this movement of the forces of electricity?

Because the atmosphere, being unable to convey the great charges of electricity as they rush toward each other, acts as an insulator, and the lightning is caused by the violence of the electricity in forcing its passage. When the conducting power is equal to the force of the electricity it passes invisibly, noiselessly and harmlessly whenever it finds a sufficient force to conducting it. r

Why does lightning sometimes appea forked?

Because, being resisted in its progress by the air, the electricity divides into two or more points, flies from point to point, and seeks a passage in different directions.

Why is it dangerous to stand near a tree during an electric storm?

Because the tree is a better conductor than the air, and electricity would probably strike the tree and pass to the person standing near.

Why is it dangerous to sit near a fireplace?

Because the chimney being a tall object and the smoke a good conducter, would probably attract the electricity and convey it to the body of a person sitting near the fire.

Why is it dangerous to sit near water during a thunder storm?

Because water is a good conductor and the vapor arising from it might attract the electricity.

Are iron houses dangerous?

No; they are safe, because their entire surface is a good conductor and would convey the electricity harmless to the earth.

Are iron bedsteads dangerous?

No; they are safe because the iron frame completely surrounding the body, and having a great capacity for conduction, would keep electricity away from the body.

Why is it safe to be in bed during a thunder storm?

Because feathers, hair, wool, cotton, etc., especially when dry, are good insulators or non-conductors.

What is the safest position to be in during a storm?

In the centre of the room, isolated as far as possible from surrounding objects; sitting on a chair and avoid handling any of the conducting substances. The windows and doors should be closed to prevert drafts of air.

If in the open air, what is the safest situation?

To keep aloof as far as possible from any elevated structures, regard the rain as a protection against the lightning stroke, for wet clothes would supply so good a conductor that a very large amount of electricity would pass over a man's body through wet clothes and he would be quite unconscious of it.

DISPOSING OF CHICKENS.—With few exceptions the best time to dispose of chickens is as soon as they are large enough for the gridiron or frying-pan. They will sell for more than they will after they have attained their full growth. The earlier they are hatched and of a size fit for market the higher will be the price they command. Spring chickens properly rate as luxuries, and luxuries are in greater demand and bring better prices than substantial articles of food. By marketing chickens early in the season much trouble is avoided in the care of them and in many cases large losses by disease are saved. Much feed is also saved and this is no small item when large flocks of birds are kept on a farm. The demand for Spring chickens is rarely met in any of our large cities.

The poorest time in the entire year to send poultry to market is the early part of the winter, though singular enough this is the time usually selected by the majority of farmers. In nearly every great market in the country there is a vast amount of poultry during the weeks that Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's day occur. Of course a large amount of poultry is consumed at these times, but the supply almost invariably far exceeds the demand. Prices rule very low and much stock is carried over till it brings hardly enough to pay the cost of transportation and sale. Poultry ranks among perishable goods, for if it is not injured by heat it will be by cold and exposure. Unless fowls are disposed of within a short time after they arrive in market they will be disposed of at a low price.

CURE FOR KICKING COWS.—Two correspondents of the *Western Stock Journal* give their methods of curing kicking cows respectively, as follows:

A year or two since I got, in trade, a handsome three-year-old heifer, one of the most vicious kickers I ever saw.—One of my men who milks tried various devices without effect, and finally took a common garden hoe, passed the hoe end in front of the off hind leg (the right leg behind), and behind and above the gambrel joint of the left hind leg of the heifer. Then sitting down on the right to milk, he put the handle of the hoe well up under his left arm, and began milking. The heifer could not stir either hind leg, and after one week she could be milked safely without fettering, and proved to be a valuable animal. Of course she was tied in the stable like the other cows, but on being turned out to grass, could be milked anywhere without trouble.

The annoyance of having a full pail of milk kicked over by a vicious cow is, to say the least, exasperating. Having had considerable experience with such animals, trying every expedient I could think or hear of, I at last hit upon a device that proved effectual in the shape of a milking stool so constructed as to shield the pail from the kick. Take a piece of plank two feet long and ten inches wide; bore holes and put two legs of suitable length at each end.—Put a "dashboard" (or perhaps it might more properly be called a "kickboard") on one end, of height and width at the top to correspond to the pail, with two pieces nailed on each side back to the seat board to strengthen and keep it in position. This device will not keep a cow from kicking, but you will save your milk every time.

MARKING-INK.—The following simple directions for making durable marking ink may perhaps be useful, as that which is sold is not always good: Put two pennyworths' lunar caustic (nitrate of silver) into half a tablespoonful of gin, and in a day or two the ink is fit for use. The linen to be marked must first be wet with a strong solution of common soda, and be thoroughly dried before the ink is used upon it. The color will be faint at first, but by exposure to the fire it will become quite black and very durable.

THESE frosty mornings and chilling winds are laden with rheumatic pains, which are apparantly lavished without stint on aged people. In absence of a better remedy it will be found that equal quantities of kerosene oil and turpentine applied warm to the afflicted part will do much toward removing the pain. All rheumatic people should wear flannels, not only in winter but all summer too, if they are then afflicted.

"TAKING THE TASTE OUT."—Almost everybody knows that a globule of castor oil may be so folded by a deft and quick hand between two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice that only the acid is recognized in the taking, and that where acids may not be used the same effect may be secured by wine or spirit. But every one does not know that any powerful pungent substance, masticated for a moment and rejected, will prevent the necessity of acid or spirit, neither of which, of course, it is best to give.—Thus, a bit of lemon peel or orange peel, if chewed half a minute, will render castor oil as innocent as water, and it will do the same for the quite as vile taste of balsam copaiba. A little bitter almond, too, has the same power, if not more of it; and a peach kernel is not bad to use in that way. Indeed, one drop of the essential oil of almonds will neutralize the disgusting quality of a whole ounce of castor oil, we are told, without detracting from its virtues, and less than a teaspoonful of oil of orange will work the same on an ounce of balsam copaiba. If, however, not any of these articles is at hand, some strong peppermint is very effectual. Even licorice will prevent the taste of anything that is very bitter from being perceived, and, strange to say, is the only sweet substance known that is capable of doing that. A pinch of the leaves of sage, either dried or green, or pennyroyal, and even of catnip, if not quite so strong, is yet very efficient. Something as good as all the rest although to the children not quite so agreeable, is the scattering of a few grains of Cayenne pepper on the tongue, after whose biting sting neither aloes, nor salts and senna, nor colchicum, nor thoroughwort, nor soda, nor bromide of ammonia, nor anything else, in fact, however disgusting, will make the slightest impression. If children, as it is very likely, should prefer the taste of medicine pure and unadulterated to the Cayenne, there are grown people, and among them especially those gentlemen who seldom need to take medicine, and make a great fuss about it when they do, and to whom Cayenne is so pleasant and necessary that some of them always carry it about them, may be glad to avail themselves of the knowledge in any case of need.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE APPLE-CROP THIS YEAR.—The statements we have from almost over the entire apple-growing regions of the country are favorable for the best apple-crop in many years. Of course there are regions where it will be short, and some where the fruit has suffered from the effects of insects; but in general the trees are not only well laden with fruit, but it is of large size and with more than the usual freedom from the attacks of their common enemies.—In the counties around Philadelphia, while we have known the crop to be as abundant, we do not remember the specimens to be larger or more perfect. We saw the other day a fine, symmetrical tree loaded with that most beautiful apple and the very best of the whole catalogue—the "American Summer Pearman." It was quite beyond our knowledge that the variety would "do" here in Pennsylvania. Pomologists told us it would not. But here it was, larger and more perfect and of higher quality than we have even seen or eaten in Delaware or elsewhere. Here, too, in Pennsylvania, before the middle of August, it was perfectly ripe, and would be preferred to almost any apple that grows. At least we would prefer it.

Some thirty years ago, being at St. Georges, Delaware, on a fishing excursion, we came across this apple for the first time and made arrangements the following spring to be furnished with a number of grafts. These we set on a dwarf apple-tree, and the following year we distributed grafts among friends in Philadelphia, Montgomery, Bucks and Chester counties. It may be that the tree above referred to came from our own stock; and if it should be, it is the only one of which we receive any information. If there are any others we should like to hear of them.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOW TO KILL LARGE WEEDS.—Some weeds may be effectually exterminated by cutting off the stalks close to the ground with a scythe. The proper time to do this work is soon after they have attained their growth, but before the seeds have matured. The branches of some weeds are so close to the ground that they can only be severed from the roots by a hoe, which should be very sharp in order to do the work well and with any degree of ease. Weeds should be cut quite early in the season, in order to prevent the ripening of the seeds that would give trouble another year if not the same season they grow. The seeds of some weeds are entirely ripe while the petels of the blossoms are still fresh. The appearance of the plant affords no indication of the maturity of the seeds, as is the case with grain.

It requires considerable pains to destroy some large weeds, as burdocks, mulleins and Canada thistles. The stalk must be cut several inches below the surface of the ground or they will throw up suckers in the same manner as trees and bushes. A spade or a narrow steel blade fixed to a handle is the best implement to use for the purpose. After the stalk is cut and removed it is well to drop a handful of salt on the stump that remains in the earth. A drop of sulphuric acid applied with the end of a stick is effectual in destroying the life of the roots of weeds. Strong lye, Paris green, or London purple may also be employed for the same purposes with most excellent results. It is always best to make sure work with large and troublesome weeds.

HOME-MADE ROLLERS.—At a recent meeting of the Elmira, (N. Y.) Farmers' Club a correspondent asked how to make a roller. W. A. Armstrong said that they can be built upon the wheels of worn out mowers at a cost of not more than $6 or $8. W. A. Ward thought it was not necessary to look for old iron wheels to make heads of, for they may be made of wood as well. He said: "Any farmer can pick up old wagon tires enough to bind the staves, and any farmer should have skill enough to make a roller as good for all farm purposes as the most costly one he can buy." G. W. Hoffman said that he had been using a roller made more than thirty years ago, with wooden heads and the staves spiked on, and no iron hoop to bind them. During all these years it has been used when required, and done good work. He described this roller as being in two sections, each about four feet long. The staves and heads are of oak. The axle was originally of wood, but it gave out, and was replaced by an iron one.

TO RAISE PEAS IN AUTUMN.—The purple-flowered peas are found to answer best for a late crop in autumn, as they are not so liable to be mildewed as many of the other sorts, and will continue flowering till the first crop stops them. These peas may be sown in July, August, or as late as the first week in September, if sown in a warm, sheltered situation and in a soil inclining to sand. Soak the peas in warm milk, and after you have drawn the drills, water them before you sow the peas; it is best to sow them towards the evening. If the autumn should prove very dry, they will require frequent watering. When peas are sown before winter or early in the spring, they are very apt to be eaten by mice. To prevent this, soak the peas for a day or two in train oil before you sow them, which will encourage their vegetation and render them so obnoxious to the mice that they will not eat them.

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